



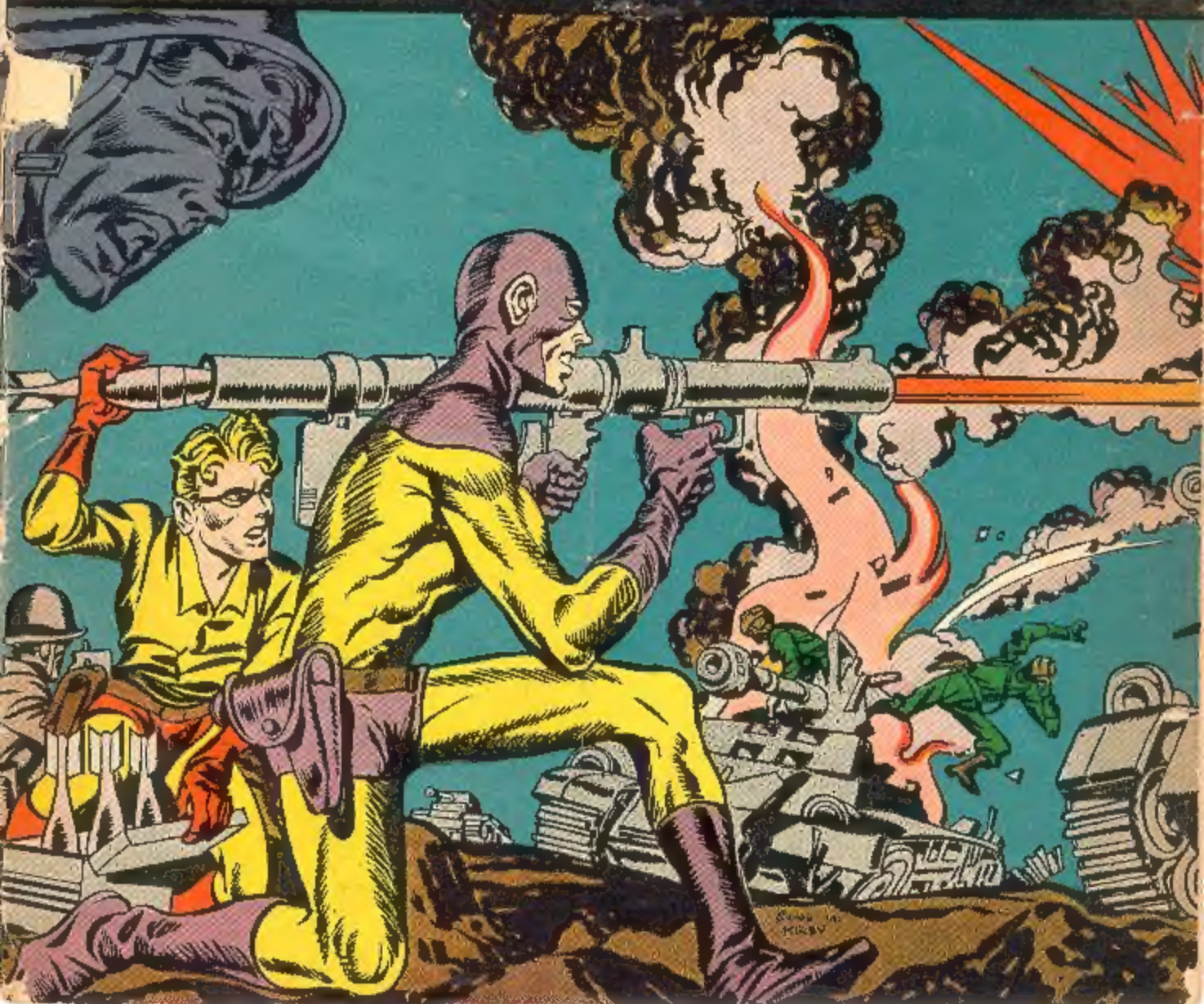
No. 91

APRIL...MAY



10¢

Adventure COMICS



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

LOOK FOR
THIS
TRADE-MARK
WHENEVER
YOU BUY
COMICS!

THE
PUBLISHERS
OF
SUPERMAN,
BATMAN
AND
WONDER
WOMAN
KNOW HOW
TO PRODUCE
THE SORT
OF COMICS
YOU LIKE!
-- SO THE
TRADE-
MARK
IS YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST!

LOOK FOR THE
D-C TRADE-MARK!

SANDMAN

COURAGE A LA CARTE

CAN A COWARD BECOME BRAVE OVERNIGHT? CAN A MAN UNDERGO A MENTAL REVOLUTION THAT WILL MAKE HIM FORGET THE MEANING OF FEAR?

THE **SANDMAN** HAS DELVED DEEPLY INTO CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY, AND THINKS HE KNOWS THE ANSWER... BUT EVEN HE IS SURPRISED AT THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIMOROUS THIEVES INTO SWAGGERING SCOUNDRELS! AND IT REQUIRES ALL THE SLEEP-PRODUCING POWERS THAT HE AND **SANDY** POSSESS TO COPE WITH THE TOO COURAGEOUS CRIMINALS WHO SNOOZE TO CONQUER!



By
JOE SIMON
&
JACK KIRBY

IT'S A DARK NIGHT IN LONESOME ALLEY, BUT YOU'RE IN NO DANGER WHEN YOU MEET LEO THE LUG, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS LEO THE CHICKEN HEARTED!

BUT I THINK THIS DOES!

STOP SQUAWKING, LEO! THAT DIDN'T REALLY HURT!

EEEH!

HERE'S WHERE I CHOP YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE, GARGANTUA!

YES, AS YOU MAY HAVE SUSPECTED, THOSE POTENT FISTS BELONG TO **SANDMAN**, WHOSE MISSION IN LIFE IS TO ARRANGE NIGHTMARES FOR THE UNDERWORLD, AND HIS GOLD GLAD PARTNER, **SANDY**!

OH! NOT LEAVING SO SOON, ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY, A PRONE FIGURE LYING AT THE **SANDMAN'S** FEET, COMES TO AND...

WHA--!

BOP 'IM LEO!

A-A-A-A!

THE **SANDMAN'S** DIZZY? NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FINISH HIM OFF! COME ON, BOYS!







THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS SANDMAN AND SANDY, IN THEIR EVERY DAY CUES OF WEE DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS, STROLL THROUGH THE BUSINESS DISTRICT...

WES, THINK WE OUGHT TO SWITCH?

WAIT A MINUTE, SANDY!
IT MAY NOT BE OUR KIND OF
TROUBLE!

HELP

WE SHOULD'VE STOPPED THAT GUY FROM YELLIN'!
BUT IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE... THE COPS
CAN'T GET US! DESE STOCKS AND BONDS
WILL BRING A NICE FILE O' DOUGH!

LOOK, IT'S LEO'S MOB! WHERE DID THEY GET
THE NERVE TO PULL A JOB LIKE THIS?

WE'LL FIND OUT KID! IT'S
TIME FOR THE SWITCH!

PRESENTLY, AFTER WHIZZING WIREPOONS STRIKE THEIR
STEEL TIPS DEEP INTO THE SIDE OF A LOFTY EDIFICE!



SANDMAN! BUT
YOU AREN'T SCARED, ARE YOU
BOYS?

WE'LL
KILL 'IM!

SCARED? THAT
GUY CAN'T HURT
ME!

STAND BACK,
SANDY! I'LL
HANDLE HIM
MYSELF!

I'LL STOP YOU,
SANDMAN!

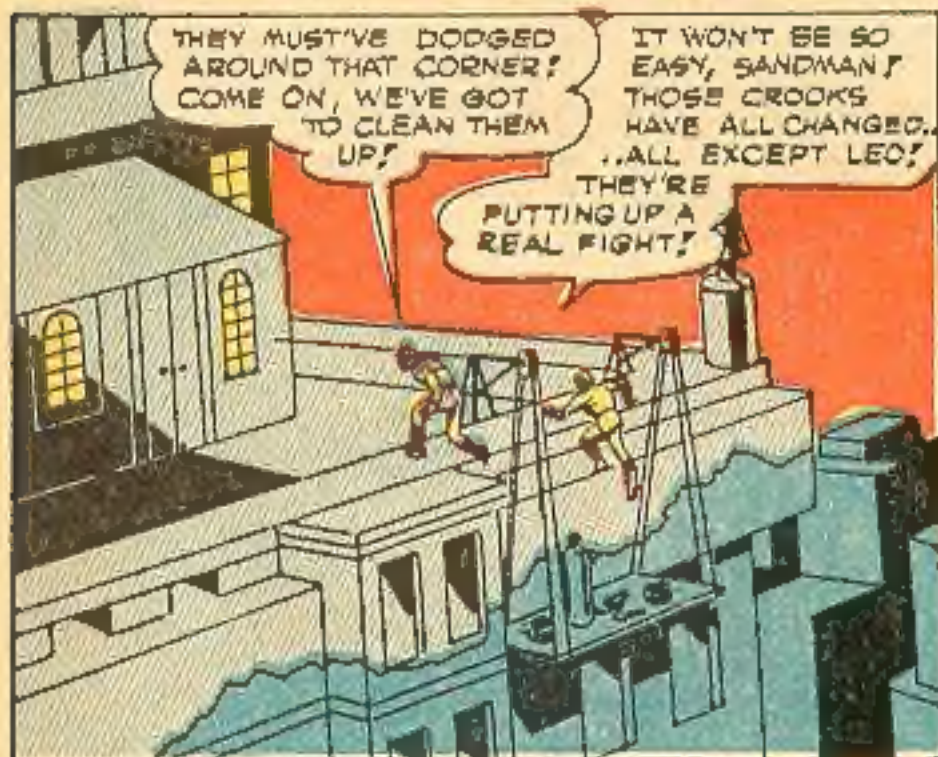




WITH A SOMEWHAT WAVERING DEATH STARING
THEM IN THE FACE...



SANDMAN AND SANDY LIVE UP TO THEIR NAME, AND
SHOW THEIR GUT!



AFTER THE RETREATING BANDITS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR
ESCAPE...



HEY! WHAT DID I SAY... HYPNOTIZED?
THAT'S IT! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!
NOW I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM!
TOMORROW, SANDY, WE'LL BE READY FOR
THEM!



NEXT DAY, THE CRUISING SANDMOBILE SCOURS THE CITY
AND ITS SUBURBS FOR SIGNS OF DANGER.

IT SEEMS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE THEY'D
PULL ANOTHER DAYLIGHT
NOT AT ALL, SANDY!
DON'T FORGET THEY'RE
HYPNOTIZED!

TAKE A LOOK AT
THAT DOWN THERE

WHAAA! THEY MUST BE
HYPNOTIZED!

STOP DAT TRUCK,
OR I'LL BLAST YA!

DON'T WORRY,
GARGANTUA,
HE'LL STOP!

THE SCREECH OF SWIFTLY APPLIED
"TERRIFIED DRIVER"

DRIVER AND WE'LL TAKE OVER
D'S LOAD OF FURST!

AS THE TRUCK RUMBLES ALONG ITS WAY, THE SAND-
MOBILE STREAKS AHEAD, THEN WHEELS SO THAT IT

THIS METAL MIRROR WILL DO
THE TRICK!

AND NOW AN AMAZING SPECTA-
SCREECHES TO A STOP WHILE THE
BATTLE DIES IN THE THUGS' EYES!

O-O-KAY, SANDMAN... WE'LL
DO WHAT YOU SAY!

BEEN HYPNOTIZED &
THEY RESPOND AT ONCE?

WELL THERE THEY GO, I HOPE
IGHT AND THAT LEO'S CONTROL
THEM IS BROKEN?

THE TIMOROUS LEO, IN HIS NEW UNDERWORLD DEN?

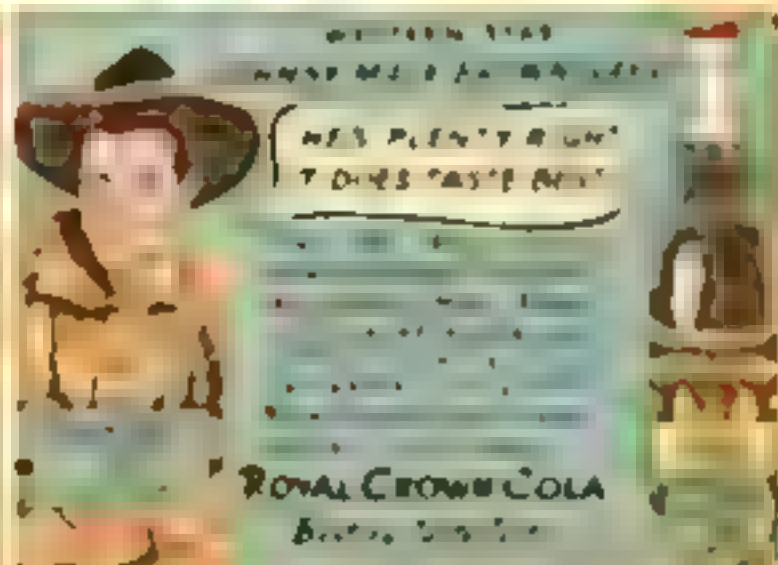
IT AS
PLANNED, BOSS?

OKAY BOSS,
THESE IS MY

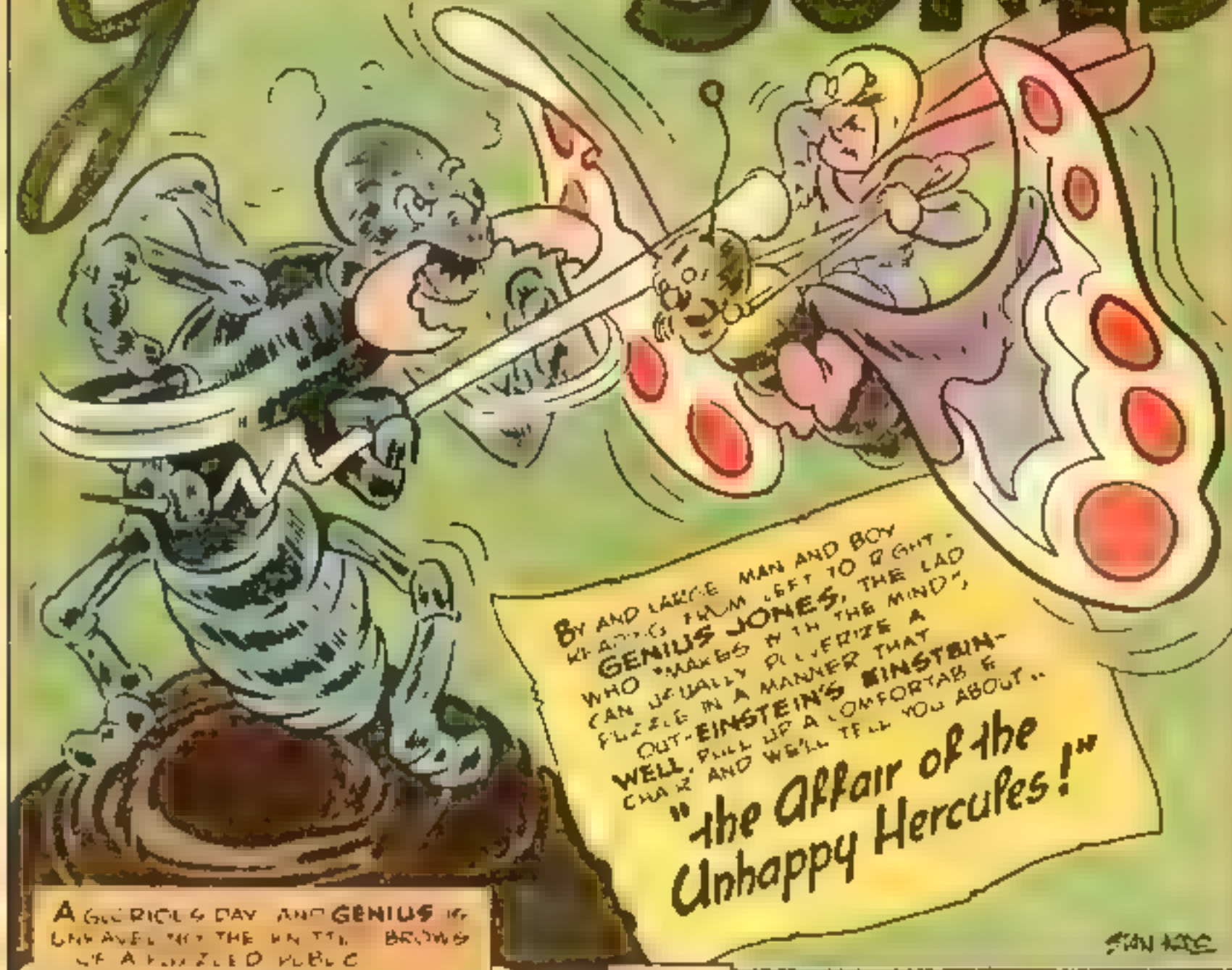
WHEN, FINALLY, THE CRIMINALS RECOVER FROM THEIR

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW? AS I ORDERED HIM TO?
D ME? I TOOK OVER HYPNOTIC
CONTROL LEO AND PUT
HIS NEW FOUND
COURAGE TO GOOD
USE? TOO BAD
IT'S GONE NOW?

BUT DON'T BE
AFRAID & DLY
BE PER
SAFE N



Genius JONES



BY AND LARGE MAN AND BOY
KNOWING THEM LEFT TO RIGHT -
GENIUS JONES, THE LAD
WHO "MAKES IN THE MIND",
CAN USUALLY SOLVERIZE A
PUZZLE IN A MANNER THAT
OUT-EINSTEIN'S EINSTEIN-
WELL, PULL UP A COMFORTABLE
CHAIR AND WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT...

"The Affair of the
Unhappy Hercules!"

STAN KEE

A GLORIOUS DAY AND GENIUS IS
UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY BEHIND
OF A PUZZLED PUBLIC

NEXT...

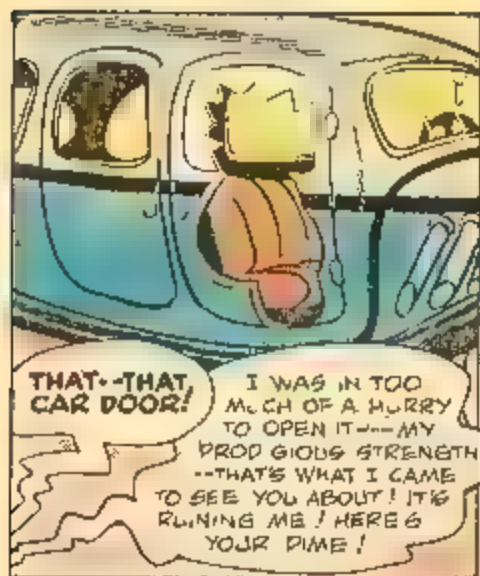
A RIDDLE A FRIEND GAVE ME IS KEEPING
ME UP NIGHTS **MR JONES** -- "WHAT
IS IT THAT HAS FOUR ARMS AND
TWO TAILS? HERE'S YOUR
ONE

SIMPLE POK-
ER, VERY
EASY! TWO
GARTS!

GENIUS JONES, YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME! I'M IN TERRIBLE
TROUBLE! MY SOCIAL
LIFE --- MY BUSINESS!

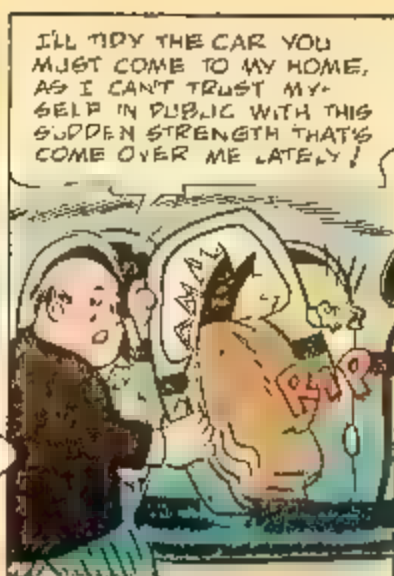
MY
GOODNESS!





THAT--THAT
CAR DOOR!

I WAS IN TOO
MUCH OF A HURRY
TO OPEN IT---MY
PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH---
THAT'S WHAT I CAME
TO SEE YOU ABOUT! IT'S
RUINING ME! HERE'S
YOUR DIME!

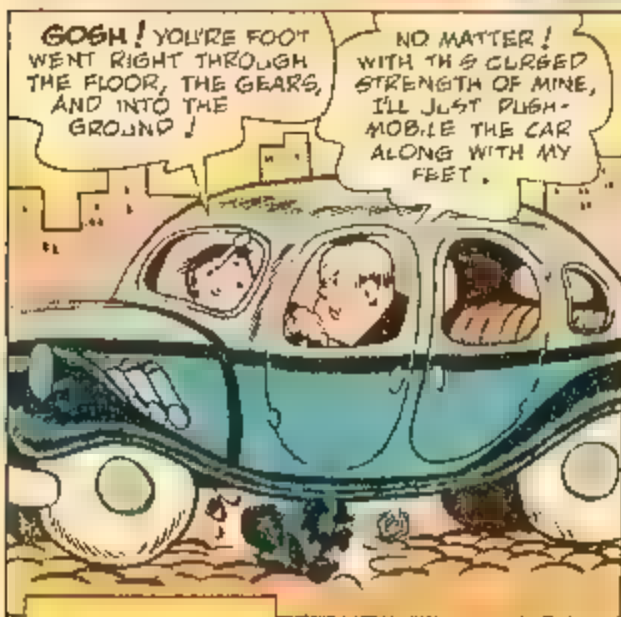


I'LL TRY THE CAR YOU
MUST COME TO MY HOME,
AS I CAN'T TRUST MY-
SELF IN PUBLIC WITH THIS
SUDDEN STRENGTH THAT'S
COME OVER ME LATELY!



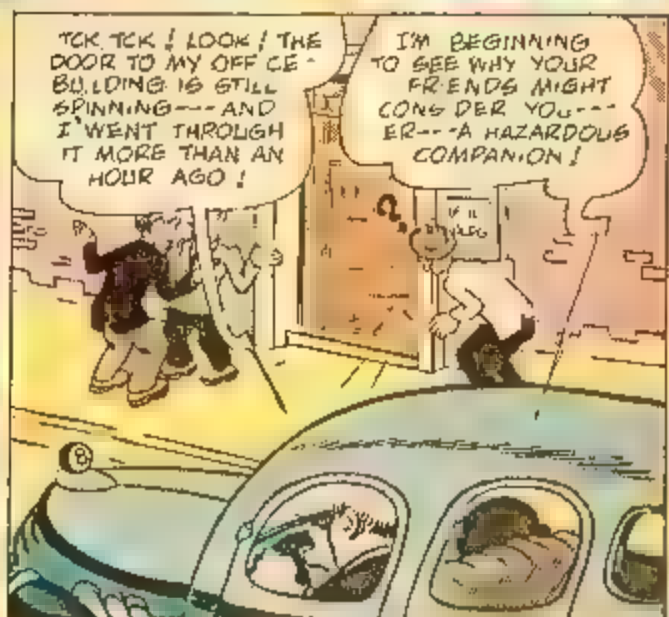
I'LL GET INTO
MY ANSWER-
MAN OUTFIT
AND BE
RIGHT
WITH
YOU.

DO HURRY!
I'M MYRON
M DASH--YOU
CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW GHASTLY THIS
IS TO A MAN OF
MY VAST INTER-
ESTS!



GOSH! YOUR FOOT
WENT RIGHT THROUGH
THE FLOOR, THE GEARS,
AND INTO THE
GROUND!

NO MATTER!
WITH THIS CURSED
STRENGTH OF MINE,
I'LL JUST PUSH-
MOBILE THE CAR
ALONG WITH MY
FEET.



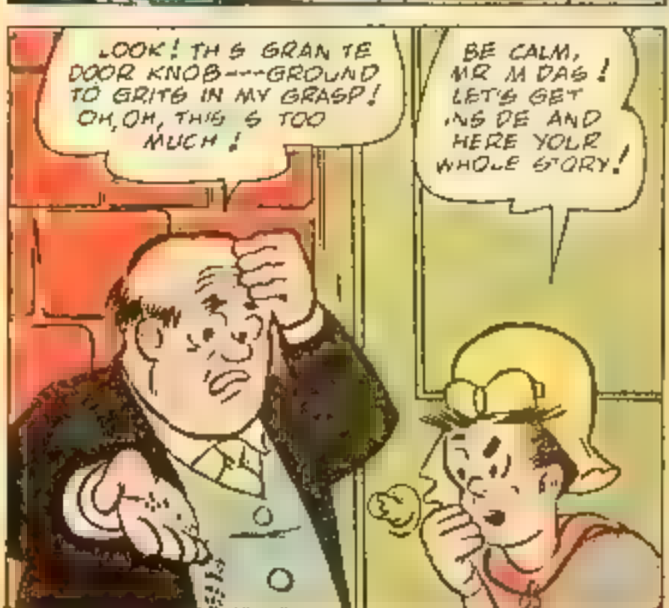
TICK TCK! LOOK! THE
DOOR TO MY OFFICE-
BUILDING IS STILL
SPINNING---AND
I WENT THROUGH
IT MORE THAN AN
HOUR AGO!

I'M BEGINNING
TO SEE WHY YOUR
FRIENDS MIGHT
CONSIDER YOU---
ER---A HAZARDOUS
COMPANION!



ARRIVED AT THE
MIDAS ESTATE.

YES, YES!
EVERYTHING
I TOUCH JUST
SEEMS TO



LOOK! THIS GRANTE
DOOR KNOB---GROUND
TO CRUMBS IN MY GRASP!
OH, OH, THIS IS TOO
MUCH!

BE CALM,
MR MIDAS!
LET'S GET
INSIDE AND
HERE YOUR
WHOLE STORY!

WUPES - I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT I'VE GOT

"CLUB GYM"

"DOING? CLOWN-

CLOWNING

TOO, DANCE THE DELIGHTS!!

HANDBALLS MADE OF DOUGH & LOOK! THEY STICK TO THE WALL!

SO STRONG HE FLATTENS THEM! WH EVER THE CASE I DON APPROVE!

POOF

"BUT IT WAS YESTERDAY'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING THAT CONVINCED ME I MUST SEE YOU! EMPHASIZING A POINT IN MY SPEECH, I BROUGHT DOWN MY FIST, AND..."

GENTLEMEN, WE MUST RISE TO NEW HEIGHTS---WH--- WHAT????

CAME OVER ME.

A MOMENT LATER

ONCE AGAIN ALONE WITH MIDAS.

AN ANT! JUST A COMMON ANT ON YOUR STEP-
OH, THAT'S EASILY EXPLAINED.
MY STEPSON'S AN ENTOMOLOGIST.
SHOULDER.

YOU SEE, QUET, MR MIDAS,
PLEASE! H-M-M-M!
THE ANT---A
GREGARIOUS HYMEN-
OPTEROUS GENUS
FORM.C.DAE! ONE OF
THE STRONGEST
CREATURES IN THE
WORLD FOR ITS
CITE! H-H-H-H!

AND THEN---THE GIGANTIC
CEREBRAL GYRATIONS OF THE
ONE MAN ENCYCLOPEDIA
STRIKE PAY DIRT!

I'VE GOT IT! WHY IT'S
AS CLEAR AS THAT 2,124,
123 TIMES 2,443,000 IS
5,189,232,489,000!
QUICK, WHERE IS YOUR
STEPSON'S STUDY?

HE HAS A
LABORATORY
SOMEWHERE
ACROSS TOWN--

BUT HE WON'T TELL THE
ADDRESS---SAYS IT'S
A PRECAUTION AGAINST
PROFESSIONAL PLAGAR-
ISTS, WHO STEAL
RESEARCH IDEAS!
BUT---BUT, WHAT
HAS ALL THIS TO

NO TIME TO
EXPLAIN NOW!
I'VE GOT TO
CALL DRUG
STORES--
DOZENS OF

AND AFTER INNUMERABLE
PHONE CALLS

BY PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, OF ALL THE
TOWN'S DRUG STORES I CALLED, THIS
DISTRICT IS THE ONLY ONE IN WHICH
THE SALES OF ANT POISON
HAVE DROPPED!

AND BY THE PROCESS OF DEDUCTION
THAT PROVES THAT THE ANTS HERE
ABOUTS HAVE LEFT THE HOUSES
FOR BETTER FOOD ELSEWHERE,
AND---AHA! THE TRAIL!

AND AT THE ANT
TRAIL'S END!!

AH, JUST AS I SURMISED!
YOUNG MIDAS INDUCES
THE ANTS TO COLONIZE
HERE, DISTILLS A POWERFUL CONCENTRATED
TONIC, USING AS A BASE THE FOOD THESE
TREMENDOUSLY STRONG CREATURES MANU-
FACTURE FOR THE WORKER-ANTS--AND
SPRINKLES THIS TONIC ON HIS
STEPFATHER'S FOOD!

YOU
I MAY IN
A VIPER
YOU'LL BE VAPOR
NO, NO!

BUT WHILE THE VILLAINS
 PREPARE THEIR FENDISH
 WORK

IF THIS
 IT'LL BE
 PUN-LENTY!

YOW!

I DO INDULGE IN AN
OCCASIONAL GYM
WORKOUT! FIRST
A LITTLE FOOT

AND NEXT, THE
PULLEY-WEIGHTS!

HALP!

OW!

OW!

AND LASTLY, A LITTLE



MAN TURNS TO MORE SERIOUS PURSUITS, AND...



ME ANOTHER
IDEA!

ALMOST TO THE BREAKING POINT

YOU--YOU
HAVE GOOD
NEWS?

YES! DRINK FROM THIS BOTTLE!
IT'S A DISTILLATION I MADE FROM
THE POWDER OFF BUTTERFLY
WINGS, AND IT WILL MAKE YOU
AS GENTLE AS A LAMB! I HAD
TO DRINK SOME MYSELF.



AND, AS YOU SAY I BELIEVE I MAKE SURE,
MY STEPSON HAS HAD HIS
LESSON!

AN EXTRA LARGE
SWIG OF BUTTER-
FLY JUICE BEFORE
I TURNED HIM
LOOSE!



NAME YOUR
PO. SON
JONES!

WELL, NOW THAT THE CASE IS
OVER I DON'T MIND IF I DO --
--I'LL HAVE A PEACH-FLUFF
TUTI-FRUTI CONE --A
MAKE IT DOUBLE!



BY THE WAY, MR M DAS,
DO YOU FEEL ANY
CONTRACTING EFFECTS
FROM THE BUTT
CONCENTRATE?

SO PLEASE I'M
CUTTING THE
CIGAR IN HALF
SO I WON'T HAVE
TO DRAW THE SMOKE



SHINING KNIGHT

OUT OF THE EAST HE CAME
A SHINING HERO WITH FLASH-
ING SWORD... AND CLEAN
-A-AR... AND WAGED
ATTEM... BUT WHAT A
... THE... YOU HEARD
A... THAT... IF HE HAD
YOU? AND SUPPOSE THE
CROOKS HAD THE SWORDS
AND THE A-AR AND THE
HUSSES AND... WAS
ARMED ONLY WITH HIS BARE
HANDS AND HIS QUICK WITS...
WHAT THEN? WOULD HE STILL
BE HEROIC? WELL, FOR THE
ANSWER TO THAT, TAKE
A LOOK AT WHAT TAKES
PLACE... THE...

"DAZE
OF THE
KNIGHT!"

AFTER
SHINING
KNIGHT

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding numbers, arranged in a grid-like fashion. The names are written in a stylized, possibly cursive or shorthand, font. The numbers are written in a simpler, more legible font. The names and numbers are arranged in a way that suggests a list or a table of contents.

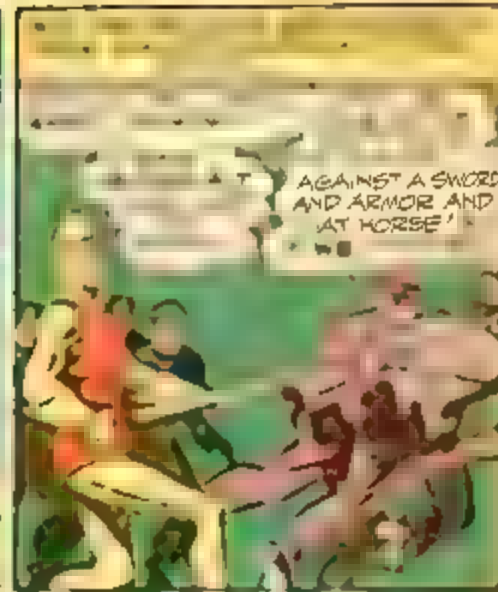


DOOM! MY SWORD
WARDS OFF THY

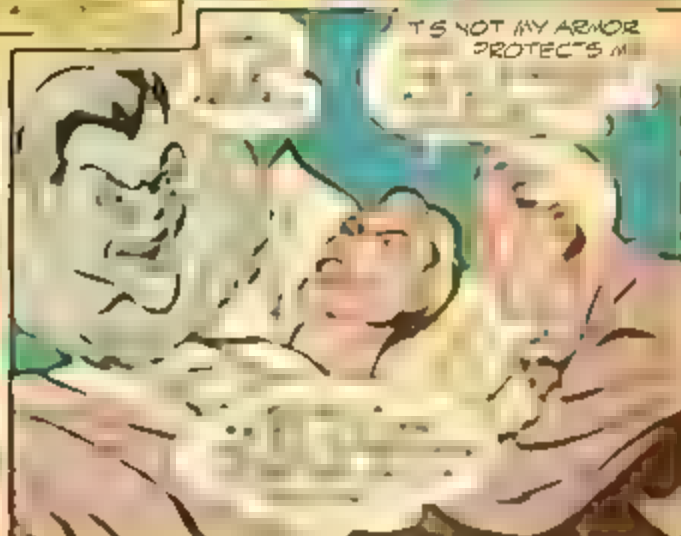


REDAZZLED BY THE

SWORD NOR YOUR A
HAS FAILED YOU! THAT
BULLET RICOCHETED FROM



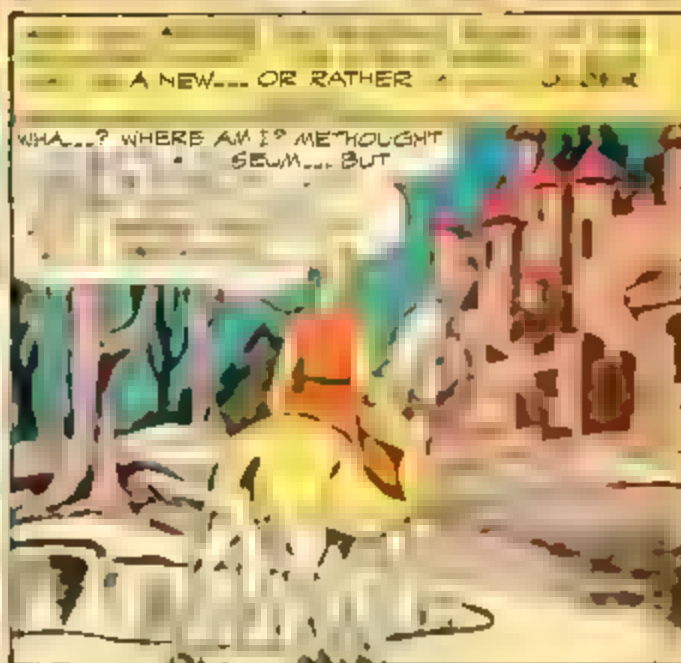
AGAINST A SWORD
AND ARMOR AND
AT HORSE!



IT'S NOT MY ARMOR
PROTECTS ME



HAVE AR
F THOU WILT!
'T WILL AVOID



A NEW... OR RATHER

WHA...? WHERE AM I? METHOUGHT
SEUM... BUT

AS SIR JUSTIN ENTERS THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF KING ARTHUR...

AT THE MUSEUM MUST
HAVE BEEN A DREAM...
THIS IS REALITY. I SHALL
SUBMIT MYSELF TO MY
LIEGE LORD, ARTHUR.

WHO IS YOUR KNIGHT
HERE? NO NEED FOR
I KNOW HIM NOT.



NOR I... ON WHOMSE
A DEATH-OL
STRANGER KNIGHT...
FOR ARTHUR OR
FOR MORDRED?

ARTHUR'S
SWORN KNIGHT!
REVEAL YOURSELF!
THOU HAST BEEN
HONORED ONCE
BY ME...



NOW THEY KNOW SIR JUSTYN'S NAME
NOW, ARTHUR'S DOOM APPEARS NEAR
FOR SURE...

HEY BUTCH
HERE HE'S
ON THE
THRONE!
BEFORE
WE'RE
FINISHED
WITH HIM!

ARTHUR!
MORDRED!
HA!
SCOUNDREL!
YOU DARE
TO PLAY
AGAINST
MY LEGS...



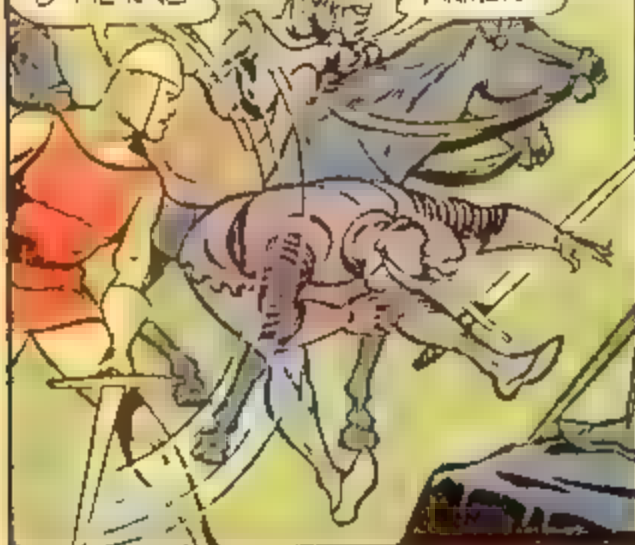
THEY KNOW ME NOT!
ARTHUR HAS LOST MOST
OF HIS KNIGHTS... AND
MORDRED HAS TURNED
VILLAIN... TIMES HAVE
NEEDED CHANGED!

ALAS, I AM OLD
AND LONG SINCE
I WAS FORGOTTEN
THE MIGHT OF MY MAGIC
BUT AS THOU ART FOR
KING ARTHUR THOU
ART WELCOME!



OFF THY HORSE,
ARLET, AND BOW
TO THE KING!

HEY, WHO'S THIS
GUY WITH THE SHINING
ARMOR?

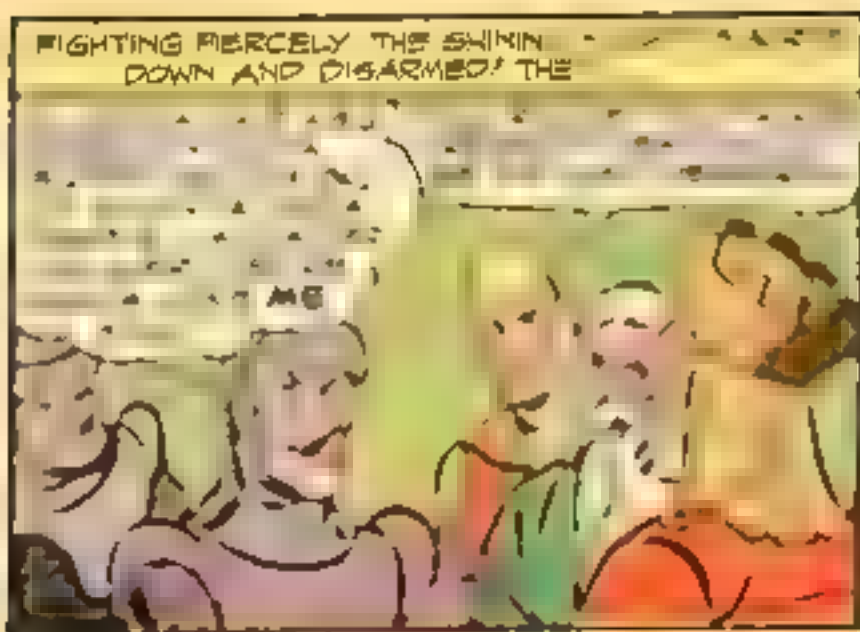


I DUNNO... BUT
BEFORE I'M
FINISHED WITH
HIM HE'S GONNA
HAVE A SHINER
TO MATCH!

ARTHUR'S STRENGTH... BUT MY
SWORD NO LONGER
CUTS THROUGH METAL
AS MY MAGIC POWERS
ARE GONE!



FIGHTING FERCELY THE SKIN
DOWN AND DISARMEO' THE



'TIS HOPELESS
TO FIGHT! WE

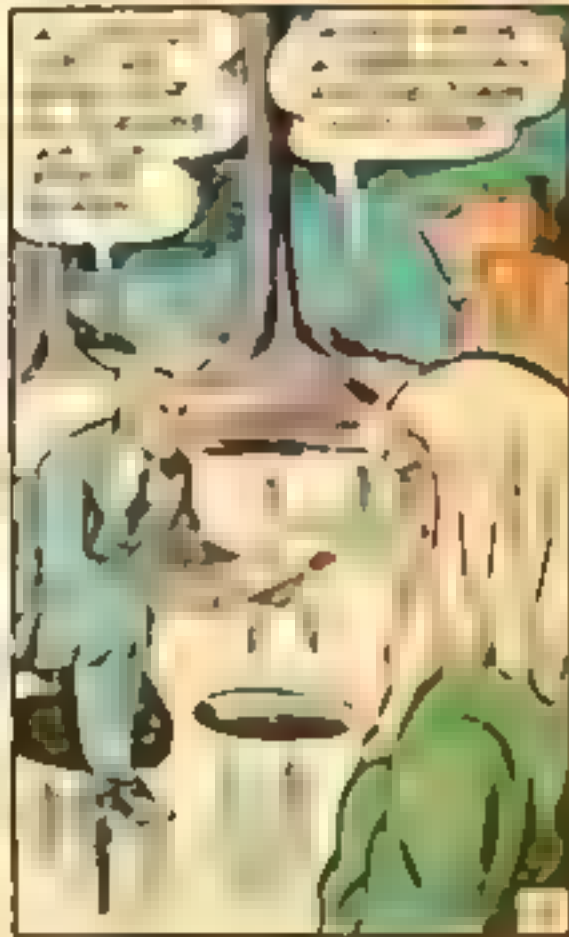


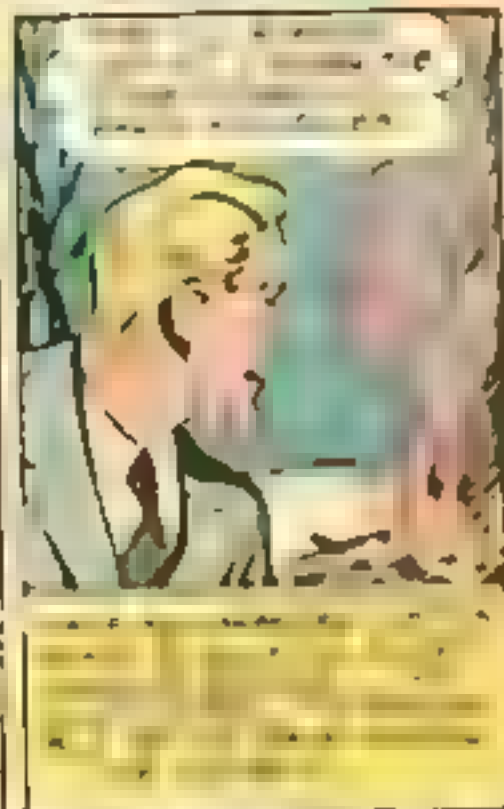
MY ARMOR AVAILS ME
NAUGHT... BUT
STRANGE NEW

MAYHAP I'D
DREAM THEM! I WILL
TEST MYSELF



HE REMOVES THE ONCE
ENCHANTED COAT OF MAIL AND IN
MODERN GUISE APPEARS
HIS ASTOUNDED FELLOW-



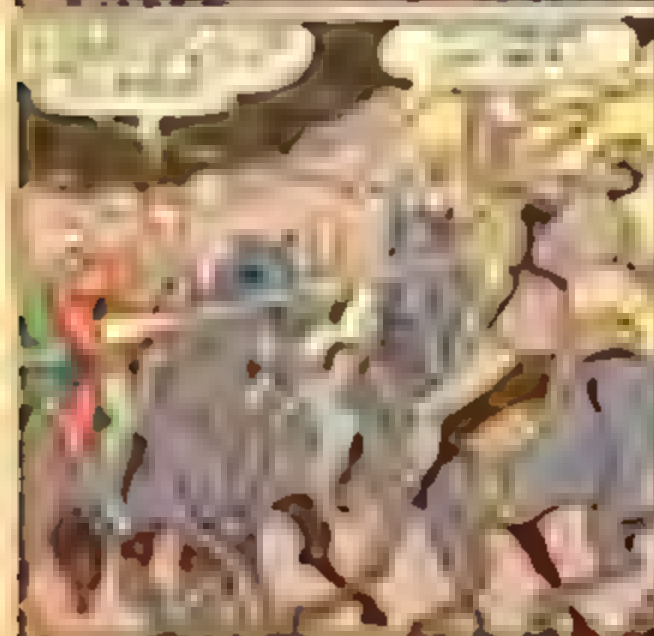
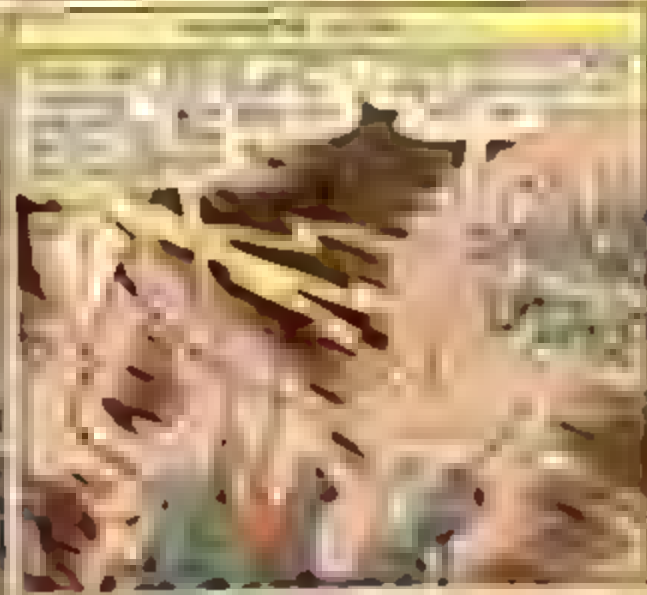
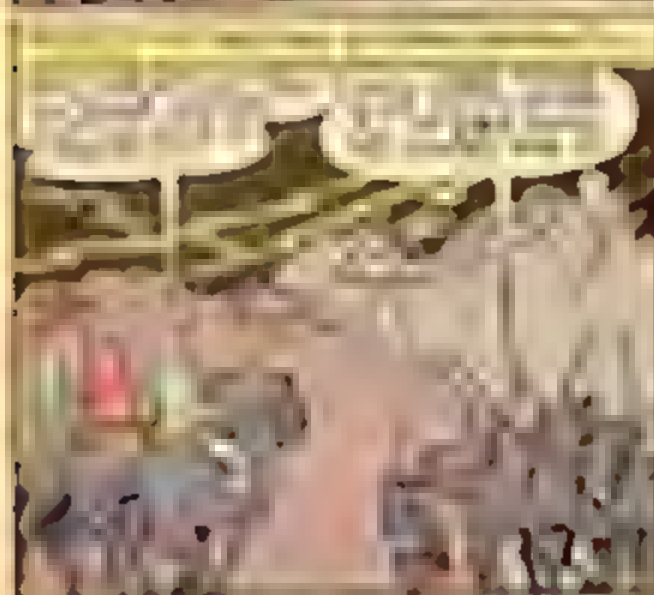
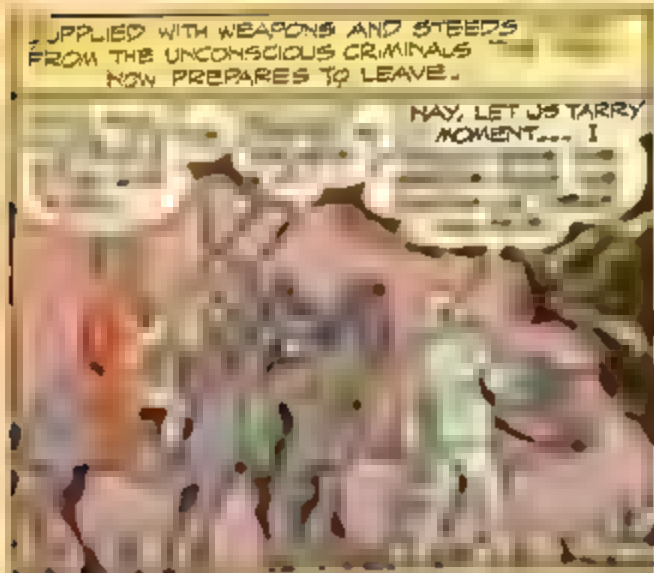


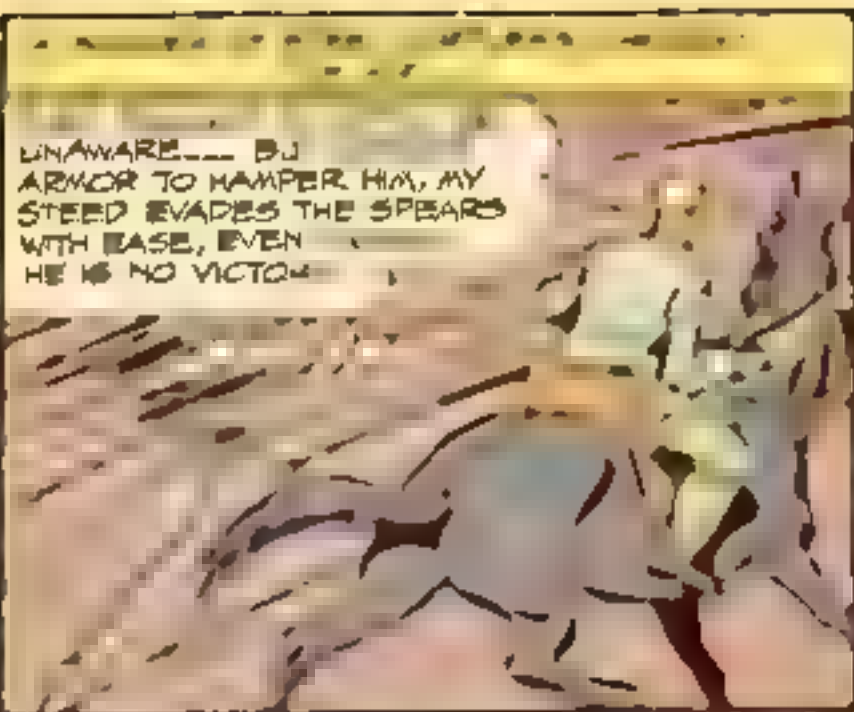
OKAY BUTCH



SUPPLIED WITH WEAPONS AND STEEDS
FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS CRIMINALS
NOW PREPARES TO LEAVE.

MAY, LET US TARRY
MOMENT... I

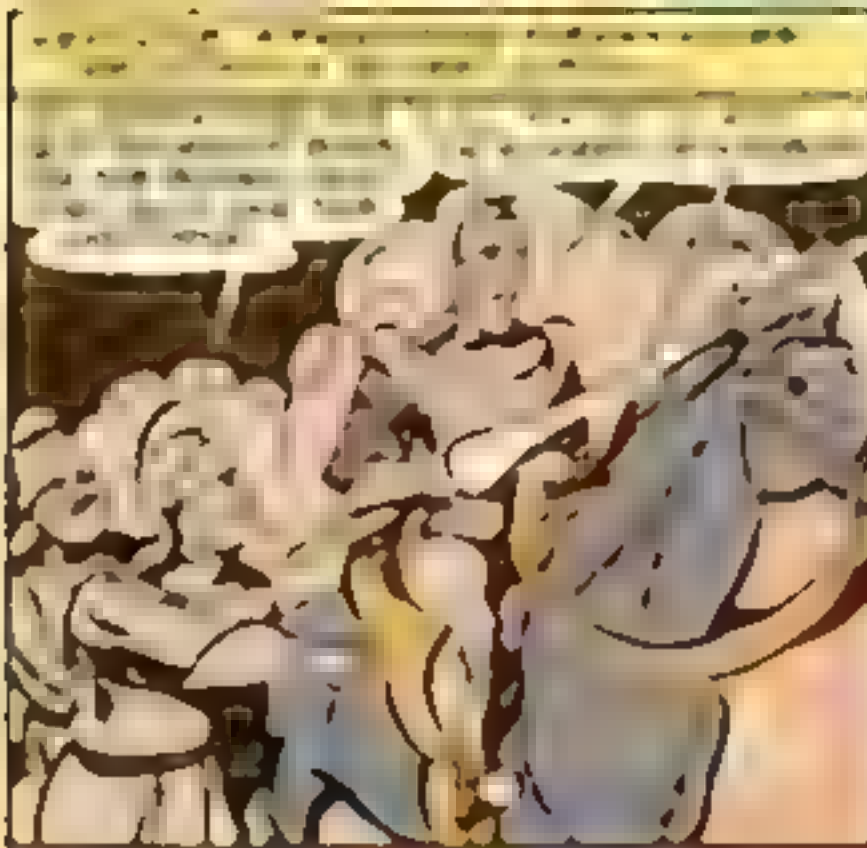
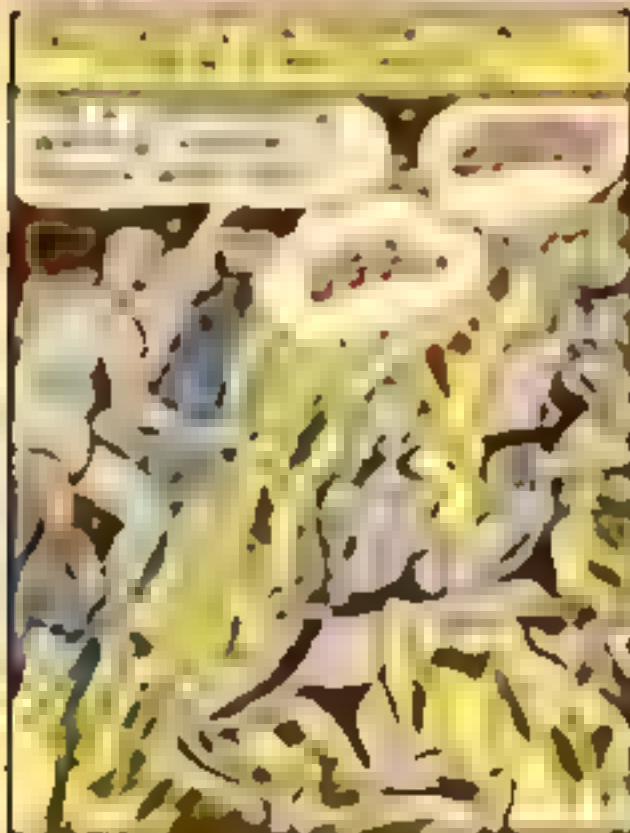




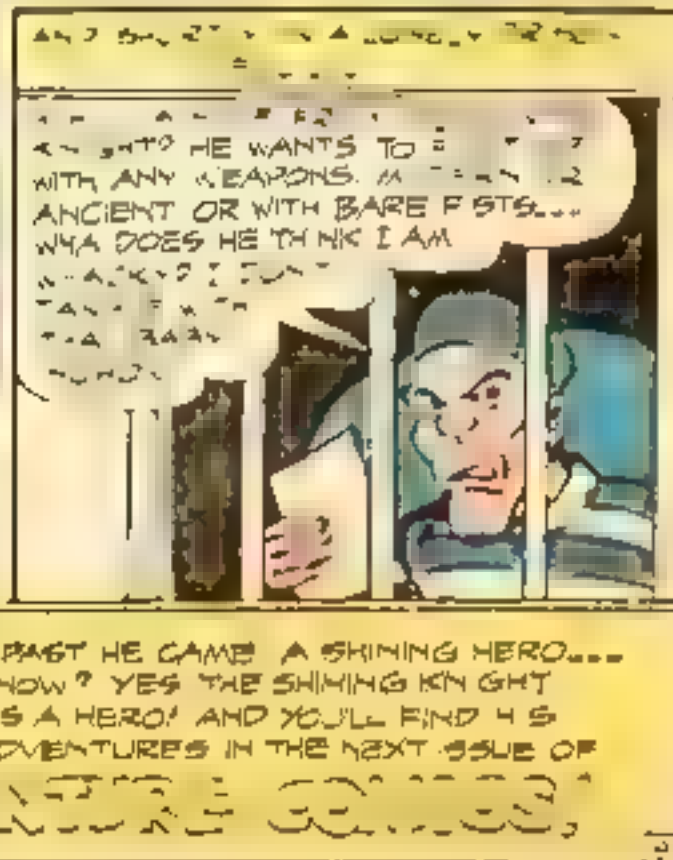
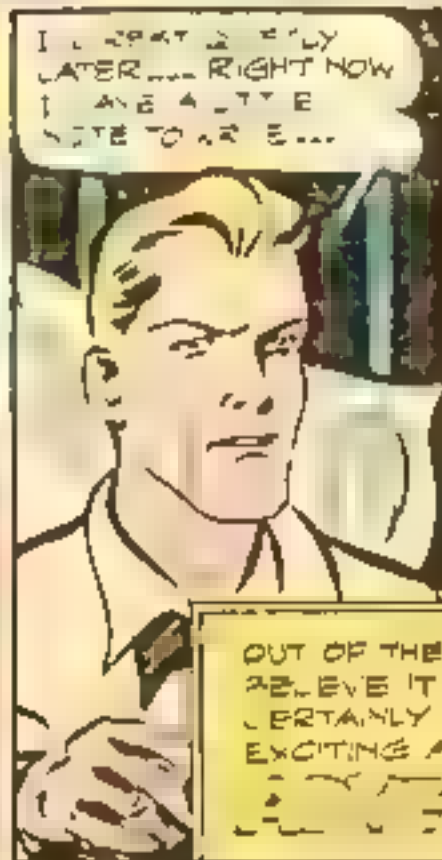
UNAWARE... BY
ARMOR TO HAMPER HIM, MY
STEED EVADES THE SPEARS
WITH EASE, EVEN
HE IS NO VICTIM



THOU HAST LOST
THY SPEAR, VARLET
I HAVE MORE!



AND BIT ME!





"We re gonna play Nazi torture-chamber — we wave th'is box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any."

YES S.I.R! DEPRIVING A GOOD WHEATIES-EATER OF HIS FAVORITE CEREAL RANKS AS CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT. BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO MISS OUT ON YOUR "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES TO GO AROUND... PLENTY OF THIS GOOD, NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT PRODUCT TO HELP YOU MAKE EVERY MORNING'S BREAKFAST A REAL HUMDINGER. GET

NEXT TO WHEATIES AND START GETTING MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 559 MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



"Breakfast of

Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

STARDUST IN



EVERYONE SAID THAT JOHNNY TEACH WAS BORN UNDER AN UNLUCKY STAR, AND THAT ITS BALEFUL LIGHT KEPT HIM FROM MAKING SOMETHING OF HIMSELF... BUT STARMAN DIDN'T BELIEVE THIS NON SENSE 'A MAN COULD BE WHAT HE WANTED IF HE PUT HIS MIND TO IT' STARMAN CONTENDED' AND HE BACKED HIS CONTENTION UP WITH FLASHING FISTS AND KEEN WITS WHEN THE UNDERWORLD HITCHED ONTO.

THE RISING STAR OF JOHNNY TEACH

THE SILENCE OF A SUMMER NIGHT IN THE YEAR 1920 IS SHATTERED BY THE WAILING OF A NEWLY BORN BOY: BABY JOHN TEACH...

MAYBE HE WILL GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT! YOU'LL BE PROUD TO BE HIS GODFATHER, MR. WILKINS!

I'M AFRAID NOT! HE WAS BORN WHEN SATURN IS AT CONJUNCTION WITH THE SUN! THAT'S BAD, VERY BAD!



HE'S DOOMED TO FAILURE ALL HIS LIFE! I'VE STUDIED ASTROLOGY ENOUGH TO KNOW! IT'S TOO BAD, BUT HE'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.



TEN YEARS SLIP PAST, AND YOUNG JOHNNY SEEMS TO BE BEARING OUT JABEZ WILKINS' PREDICTION...

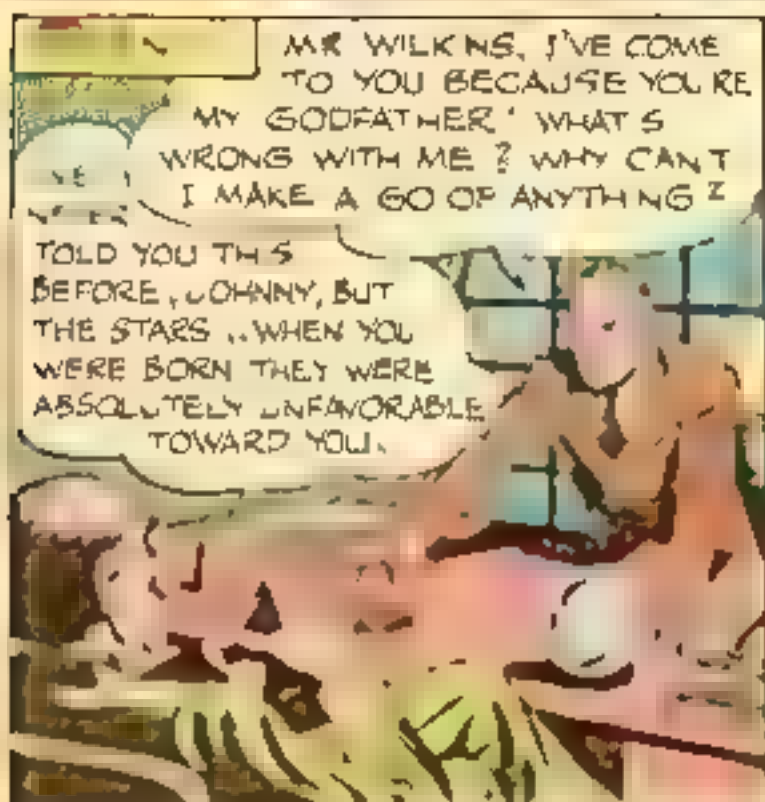
I STUDY HARD BUT GEE WILL KERS, I NEVER GET A BREAK! ALL THE TEACHERS ARE AGAINST ME!

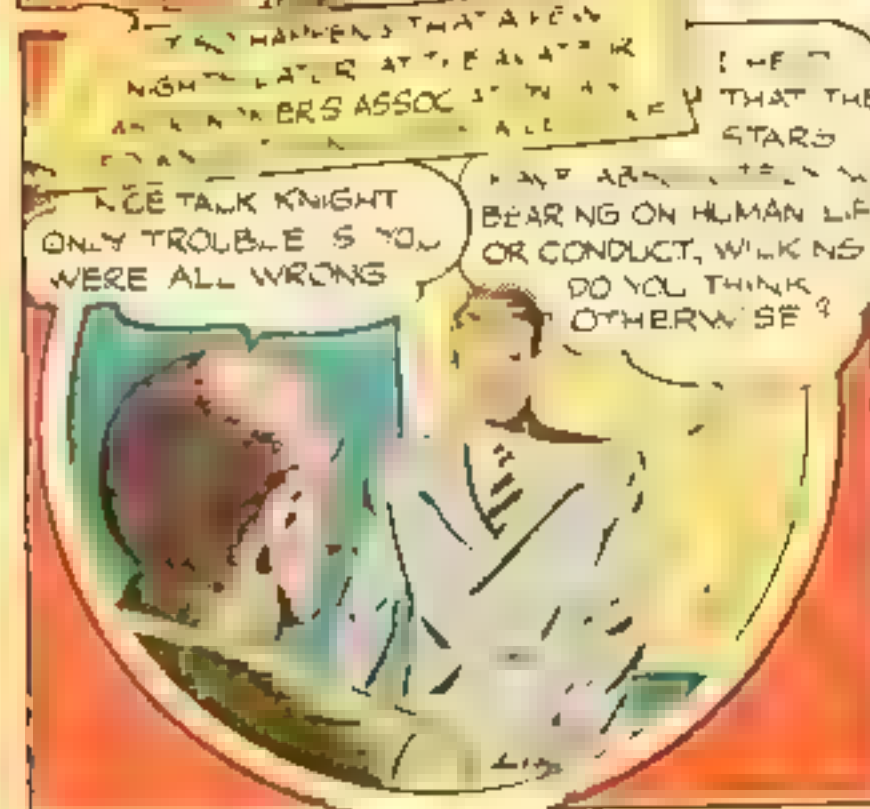
EVEN IF HE'S ONLY WALKING DOWNSTAIRS SOME THING UNFORTUNATE HAPPENS...

OWW... MY LEG! I SURE GOT A BREAK THIS TIME... A BREAK IN MY LEG...

THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE HE EKEs HIS WAY, BARELY MANAGING TO PASS...

NOW I'M GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD... I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME THERE





I'M NOT A BETTING
MAN, WALKING,
BUT SHALL WE

I HATE TO

TOPPER

LAD TURNS OUT TO BE

IS?



CLOCK BOOMS THE HOUR OF ONE, A SCARLET
FORM DROPS DOWN FROM THE SKY...

CERTAINLY
LOOKS DOWN-
HEARTED... BUT

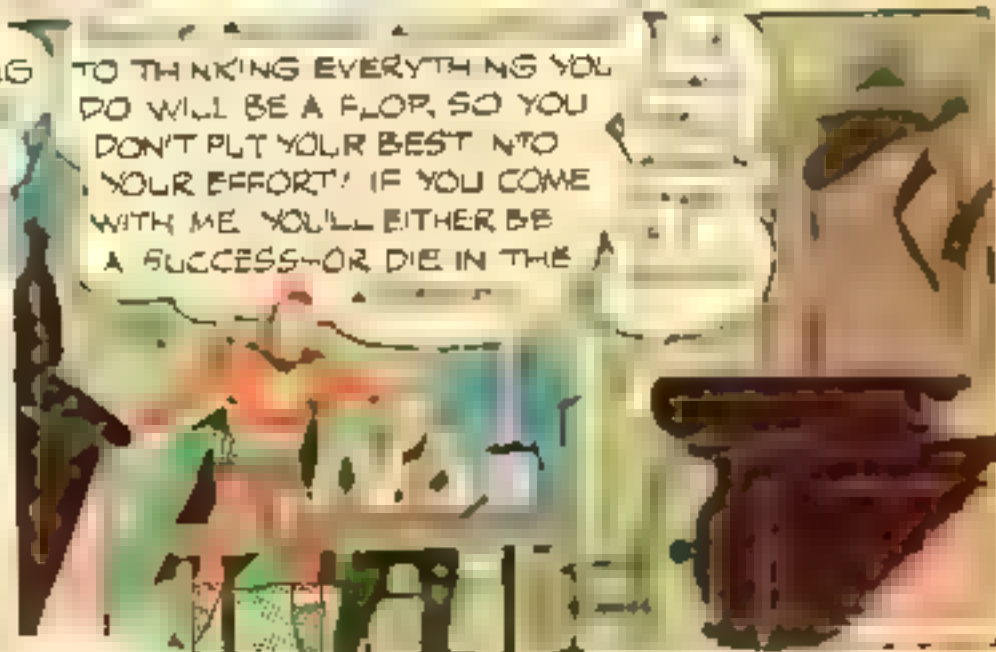


YOU DOING
?

JOHNNY, I
TO HELP YOU

TO SHOW YOU THAT
THERE'S NO SUCH THING
AS STARVELENCE
IN A MAN'S LIFE.

TO THINKING EVERYTHING YOU
DO WILL BE A FLOP, SO YOU
DON'T PUT YOUR BEST INTO
YOUR EFFORT! IF YOU COME
WITH ME YOU'LL EITHER BE
A SUCCESS-OR DIE IN THE

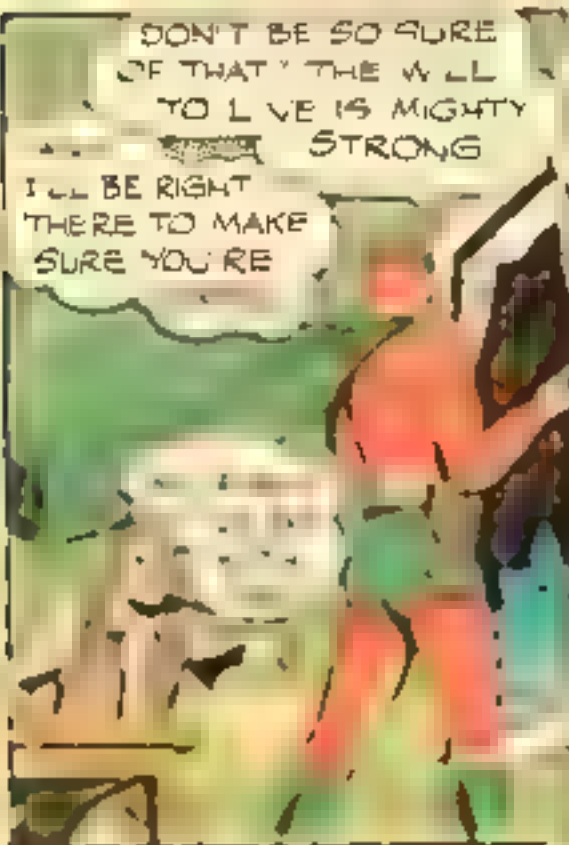


DON'T BE SO SURE
OF THAT! THE WILL
TO LIVE IS MIGHTY
STRONG
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE TO MAKE
SURE YOU'RE

THIS IS LOWER
DARING ROBBERIES
HAVE OCCURRED LATELY, DESPITE
A POLICE CORDON... YOU'RE GO-
ING TO HELP ME BREAK UP
THE GANG...

YOU'RE GETTING
INTO THEIR MOB AND
YOU'LL LET ME KNOW
HOW THEY CARRY OUT
THEIR JOBS

HOW
WELL I



TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A DIFFERENT SECTION OF THE CITY, A THRILLING BATTLE DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF THE UNDERWORLD!

HEY, LOOKIT! SOME FELLAS TRADIN' PUNCHES WITH THE STARMAN!

SAY GEMS COULD USE A GUY LIKE THAT!

I'M NOT A BRICKLAYER BUT I'LL LAY THIS ONE ON YOU..

HEY, FELLA - PASSY ... N HERE QUICK

THAT WAS A SWEET FIGHT YOU PUT UP. I THINK THE BOSS'D LIKE TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YA.

SUITS ME - IF THERE'S DOUGH IN IT!

SO YOU KNOCKED OUT THE STARMAN I CAN USE A SLUGGER LIKE YOU! WE GOT A JOB SET FER TONIGHT. THE NITTANY JEWEL STORE.

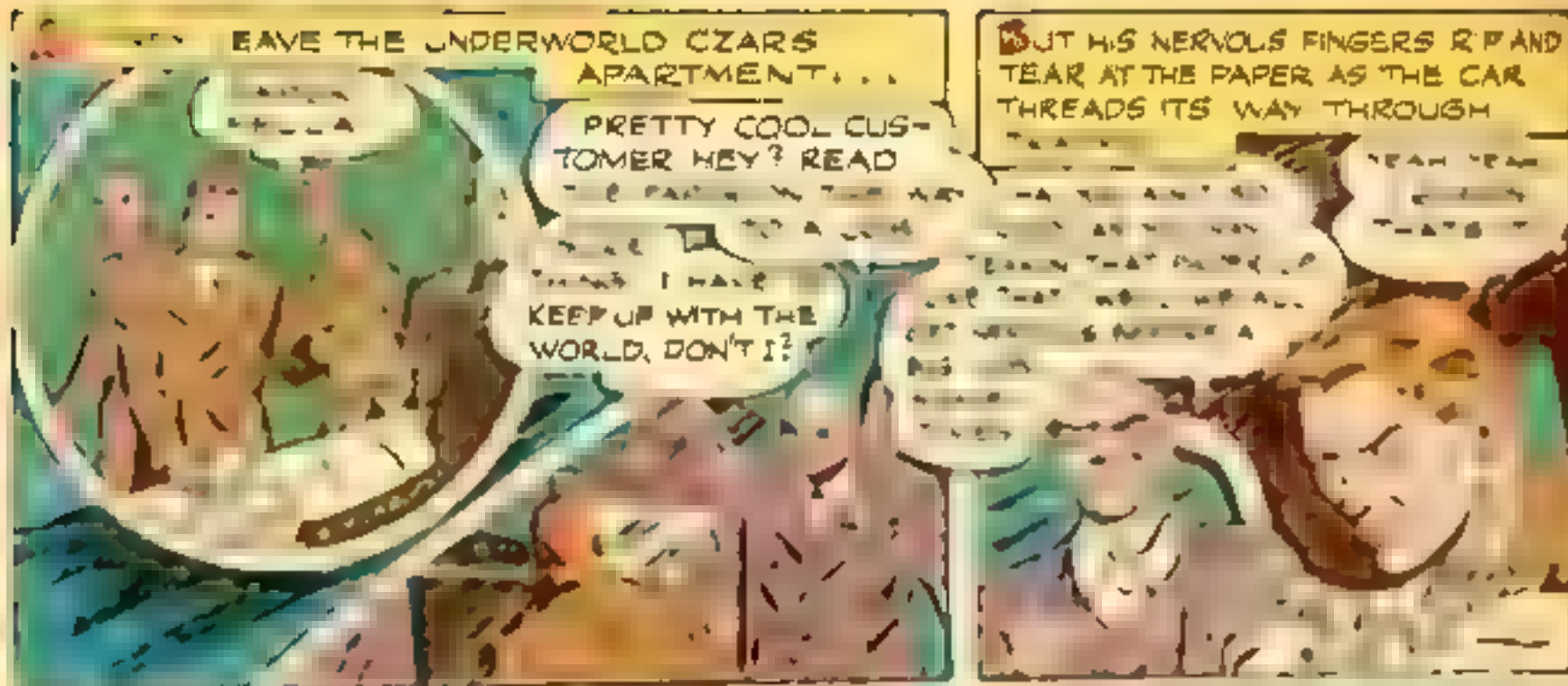
BUT WOULDN'T A PLACE LIKE THAT BE HONEYCOMBED WITH BURGLAR ALARMS?

DID YOU EVER KNOW THERE WAS AN UNDERGROUND RIVER RUNNIN' UNDER MADISON LANE? WE CAME UP FROM THAT, THROUGH THE FLOOR. THEY DON'T PUT BURGLAR ALARMS IN THE FLOOR!

MEANWHILE THE ASTRAL AVENGER HAS KEPT AN ANXIOUS EYE ON JOHNNY TEACH...

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON GEMS FOR A LONG TIME... I COULD BRING HIM IN, BUT I WANT TO DISCOVER HOW HE OPERATES THEN, EVEN IF HE PASSED HIS KNOWLEDGE ON TO OTHER CROOKS IT WOULDN'T DO THEM ANY GOOD

I CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING, BUT JOHNNY WILL FIND A WAY TO LET ME KNOW HE'S A QUICK THINKER

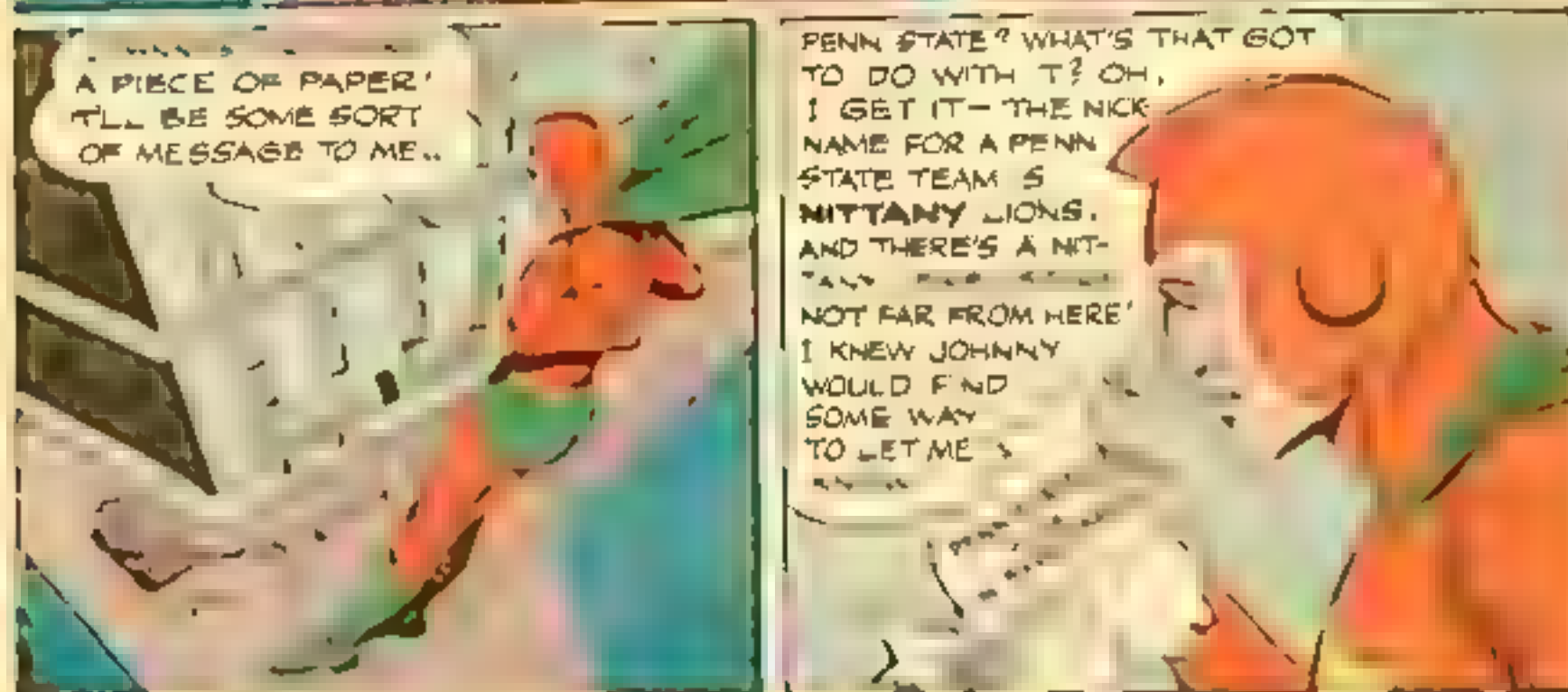


LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD CZARS APARTMENT...

PRETTY COOL CUSTOMER HEY? READ

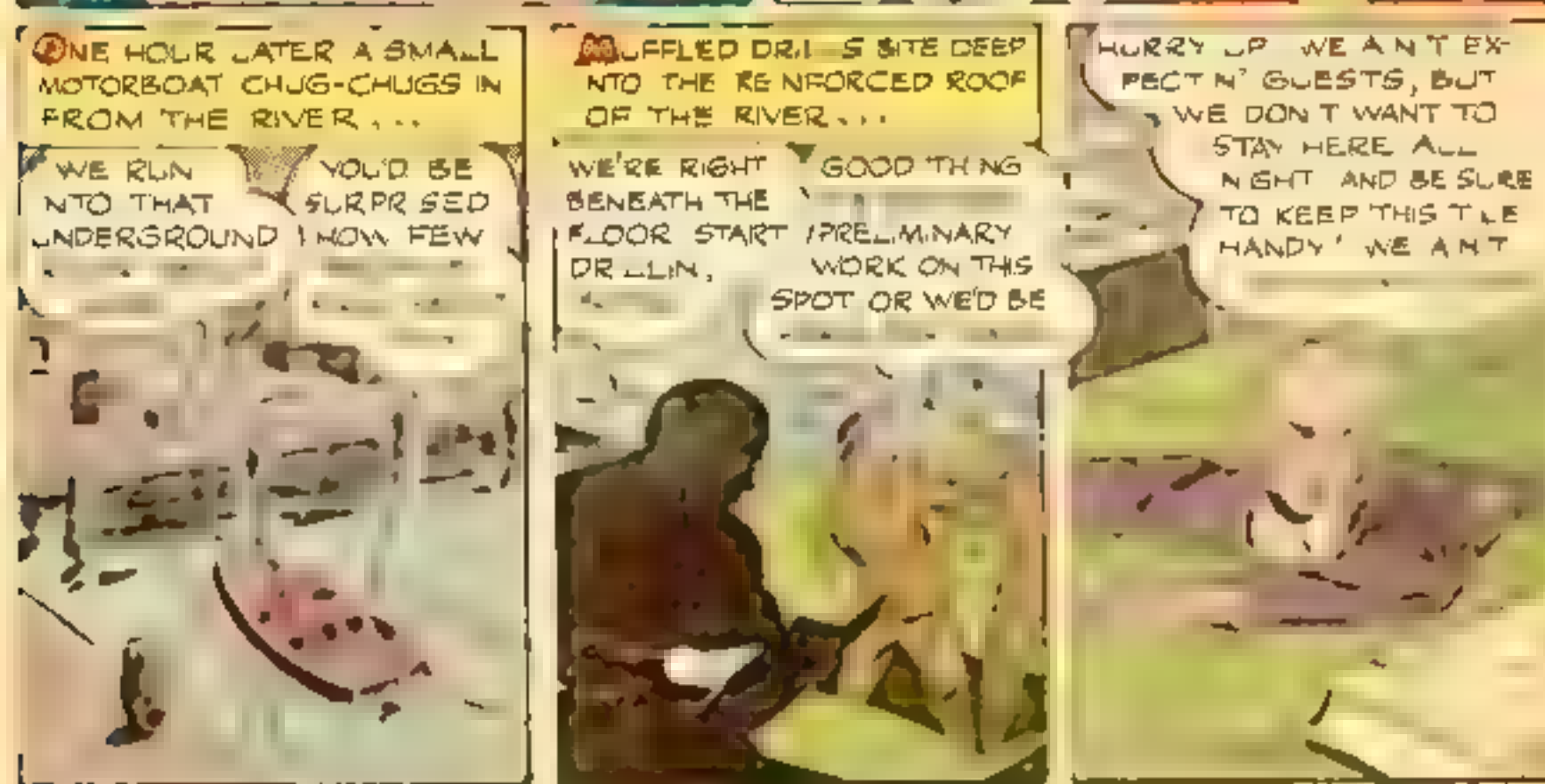
THANKS I HAVE TO KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD, DON'T I?

BUT HIS NERVOUS FINGERS RIP AND TEAR AT THE PAPER AS THE CAR THREADS ITS WAY THROUGH



A PIECE OF PAPER! TLL BE SOME SORT OF MESSAGE TO ME..

PENN STATE? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH T? OH, I GET IT - THE NICK NAME FOR A PENN STATE TEAM'S NITTANY LIONS. AND THERE'S A NIT-TAN NOT FAR FROM HERE! I KNEW JOHNNY WOULD FIND SOME WAY TO LET ME



ONE HOUR LATER A SMALL MOTORBOAT CHUG-CHUGS IN FROM THE RIVER...

WE RUN INTO THAT UNDERGROUND I NOW FEEL

YOU'D BE SURPRISED

MUFFLED DRILLS SITE DEEP INTO THE REINFORCED ROOF OF THE RIVER...

WE'RE RIGHT BENEATH THE FLOOR START PRELIMINARY DRILLING, GOOD THING WORK ON THIS SPOT OR WE'D BE

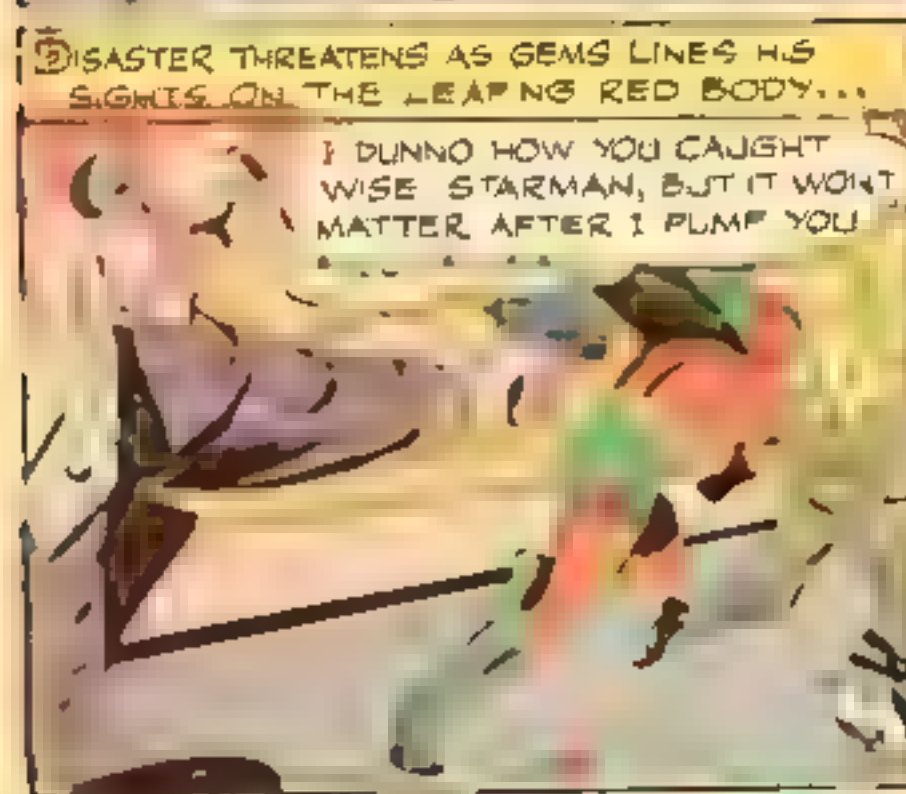
HURRY UP WE AN'T EXPECTIN' GUESTS, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT AND BE SURE TO KEEP THIS TLE HANDY' WE AN'T



FORM DROPS



THOSE STARS ARE
THE ONLY SPARKLERS
YOU'LL SEE TONIGHT



DISASTER THREATENS AS GEMS LINES HIS
SIGHTS ON THE LEAPING RED BODY...

I DUNNO HOW YOU CAUGHT
WISE STARMAN, BUT IT WON'T
MATTER AFTER I PUMP YOU



BUT WITH LEGS CHURNING LIKE PISTONS,
JOHNNY TEACH ENTERS THE PICTURE

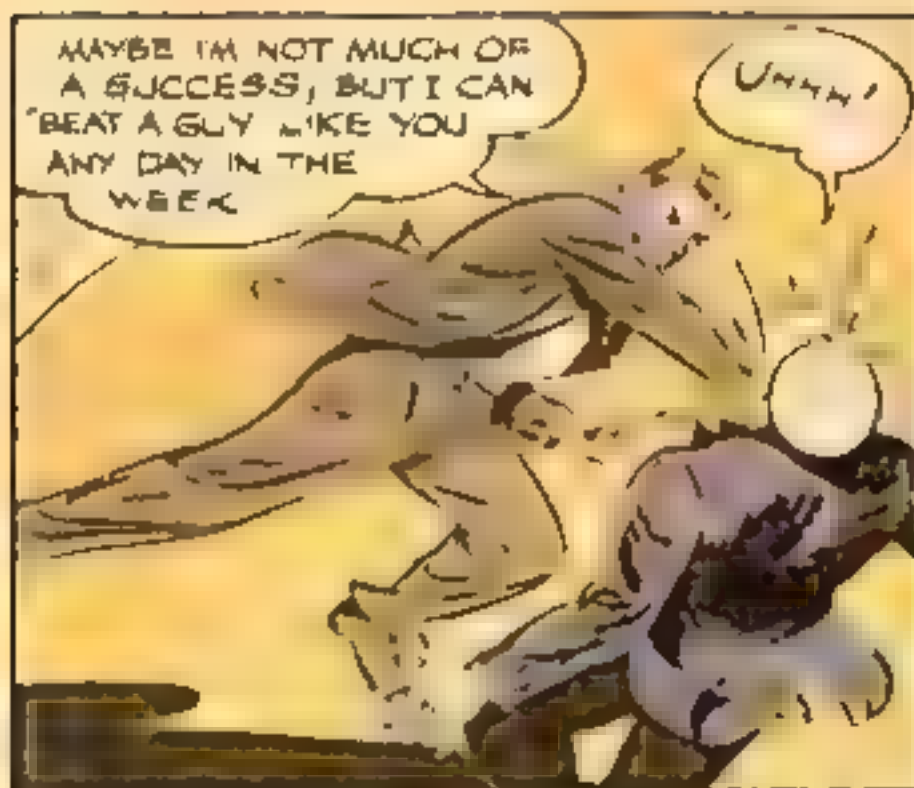


I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU AFTER I
FINISH YOUR

UGH!

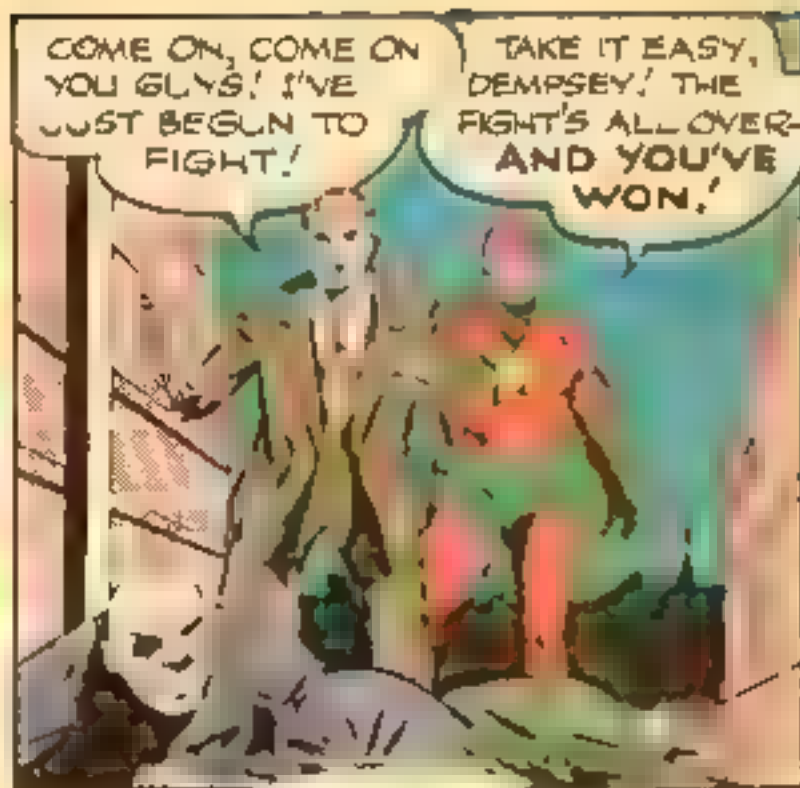


MY



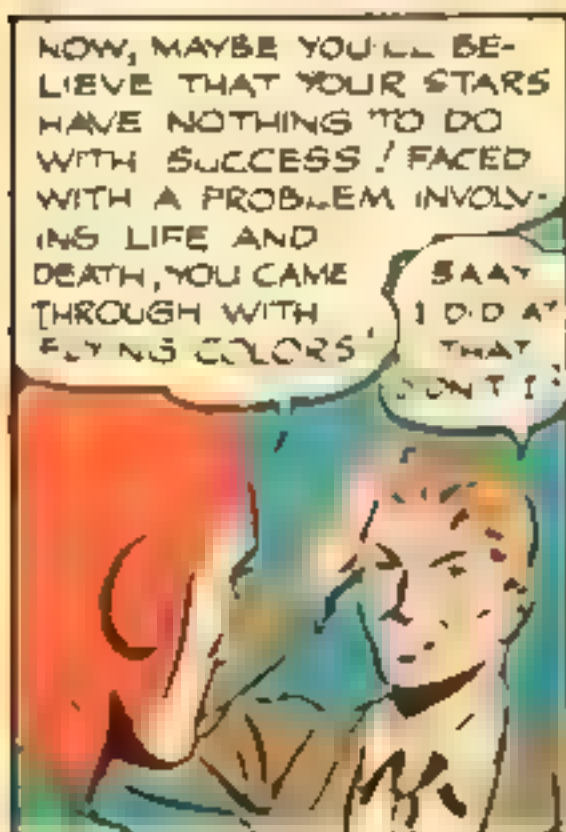
MAYBE I'M NOT MUCH OF A SUCCESS, BUT I CAN BEAT A GUY LIKE YOU ANY DAY IN THE WEEK

UNNN!



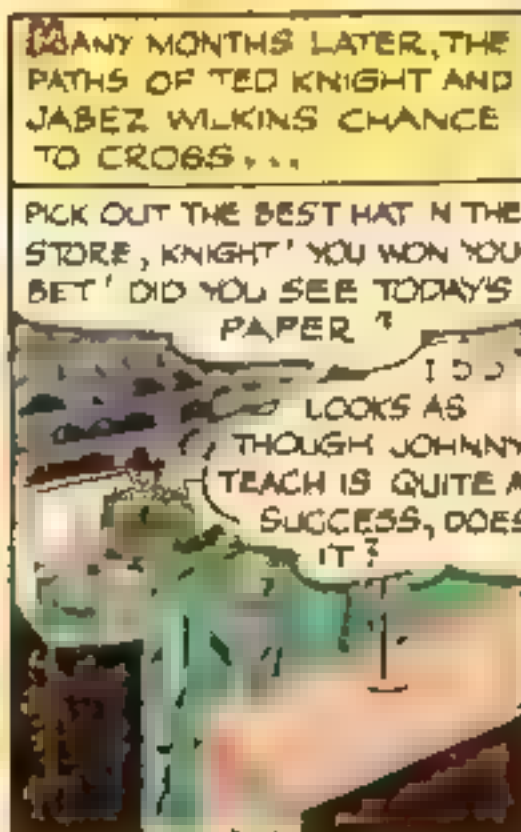
COME ON, COME ON YOU GUYS! I'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!

TAKE IT EASY, DEMPSEY! THE FIGHT'S ALL OVER AND YOU'VE WON!



NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE THAT YOUR STARS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH SUCCESS! FACED WITH A PROBLEM INVOLVING LIFE AND DEATH, YOU CAME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS!

SAY I DID A THAT DON'T I?



MANY MONTHS LATER, THE PATHS OF TED KNIGHT AND JABEZ WILKINS CHANCE TO CROSS...

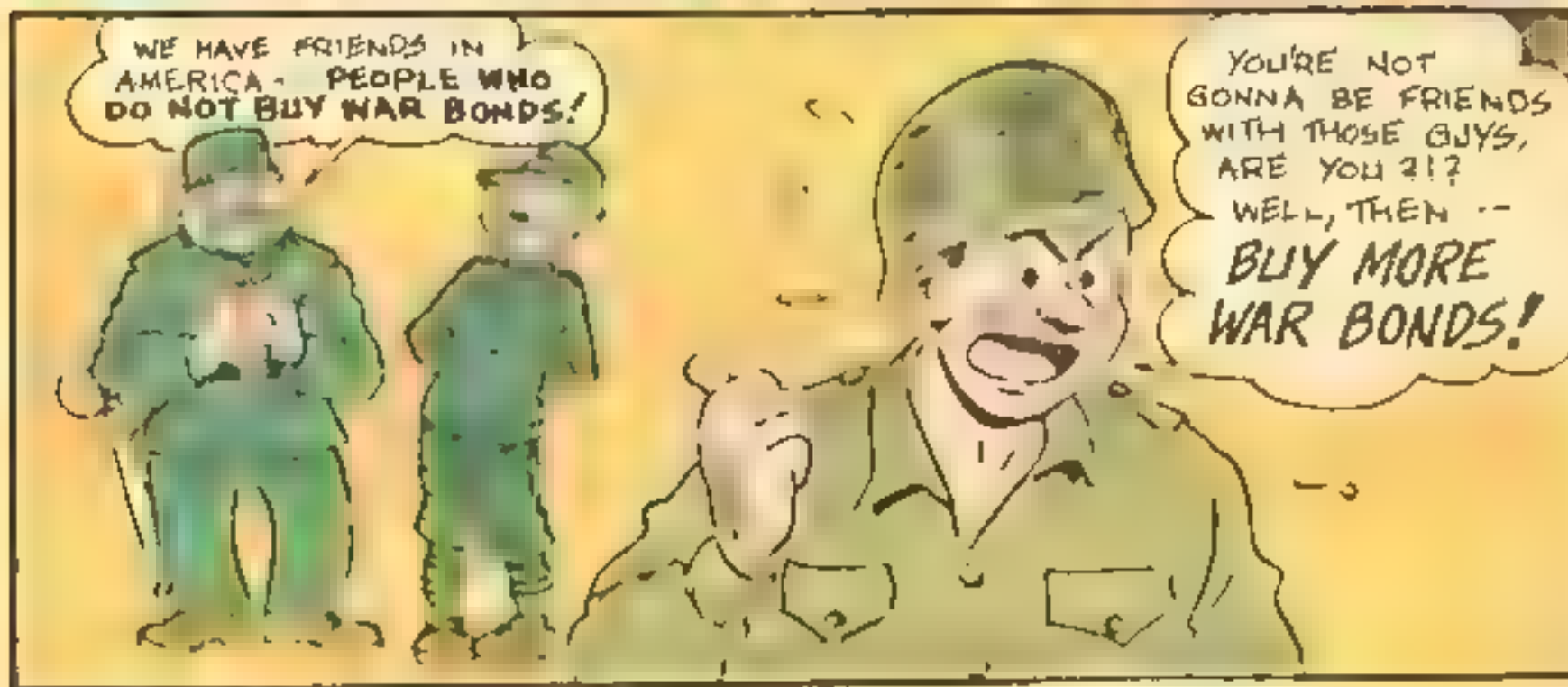
PICK OUT THE BEST HAT IN THE STORE, KNIGHT! YOU WON YOUR BET! DID YOU SEE TODAY'S PAPER?

I DO LOOKS AS THOUGH JOHNNY TEACH IS QUITE A SUCCESS, DOESN'T IT?



HE CAPTURED A WHOLE NAZ TANK CREW IN NORTH AFRICA!

AND WHAT'S MORE, 'LL BET THOSE GUYS SAW STARS BEFORE JOHNNY WAS THROUGH WITH THEM!



WE HAVE FRIENDS IN AMERICA - PEOPLE WHO DO NOT BUY WAR BONDS!

YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE FRIENDS WITH THOSE GUYS, ARE YOU? WELL, THEN -- **BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

WINTER



IT'S A GROUP OF HAPPY GUESTS

MAN WHO BELIEVED..

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE POWER OF THE MIND

WEEK-END GUESTS LISTEN TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE HOST.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT THIS EVENING I HAVE ARRANGED A GAME IN WHICH ALL CAN TAKE PART... A TREASURE HUNT!

THAT'LL BE FUN!

BEFORE WE BEGIN I SHALL EXPLAIN THE RULES. YOU WILL WORK IN TEAMS OF TWO OR THREE... ALL EXCEPT PAUL KIRK.

HUNTER. HAS HAD EXPERIENCE AT THIS SORT OF THING! HE SHOULDN'T NEED ANY HELP!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, MR. MCPOWERS.

YOU WILL LEAVE AT INTERVALS OF FIVE MINUTES. WHOEVER FINDS HIS TREASURE IN THE SHORTEST TIME WILL WIN! I SHALL GIVE YOU A NOTE CONTAINING YOUR FIRST INSTRUCTIONS, BUT FROM THEN ON YOU MUST FIND YOUR OWN CLUES!

BUT WHAT ARE THE TREASURES ARE WE LOOKING FOR, HARTLEY?

AH, THAT'S

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

THESE GROUPS OF CONTESTANTS BEGIN TO DEPART

WILL YOU HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS SIR?

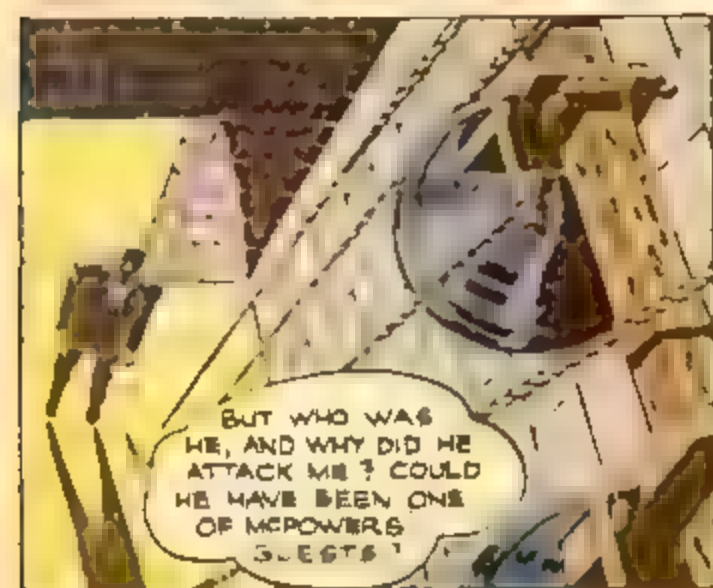
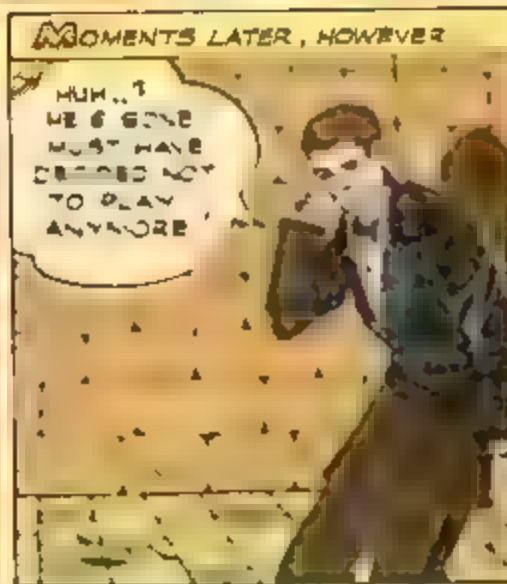
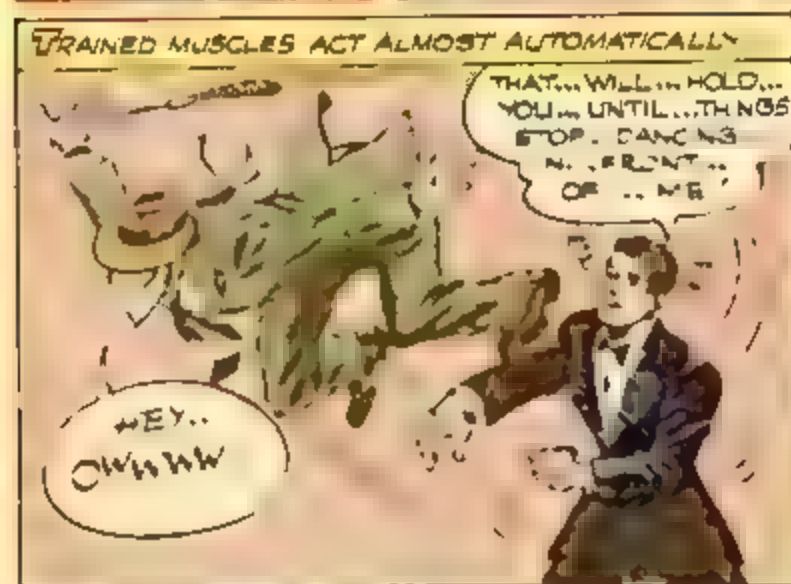
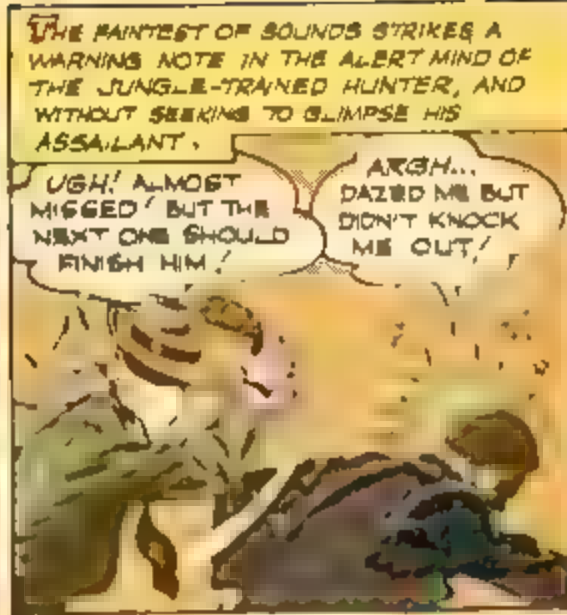
NO, THANKS!

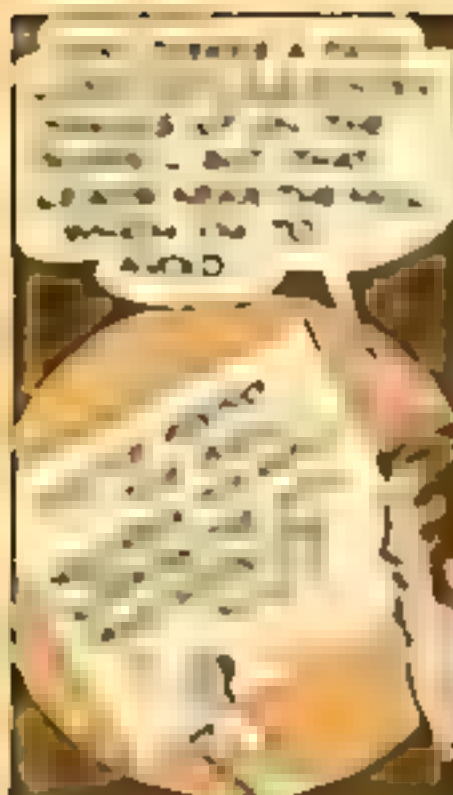
WHAT A COME-DOWN FOR MANHUNTER, TO BE HUNTING A TREASURE THAT'S MORE THAN A BOX OF CHOCOLATES! IT SHOULD BE FUN THOUGH!

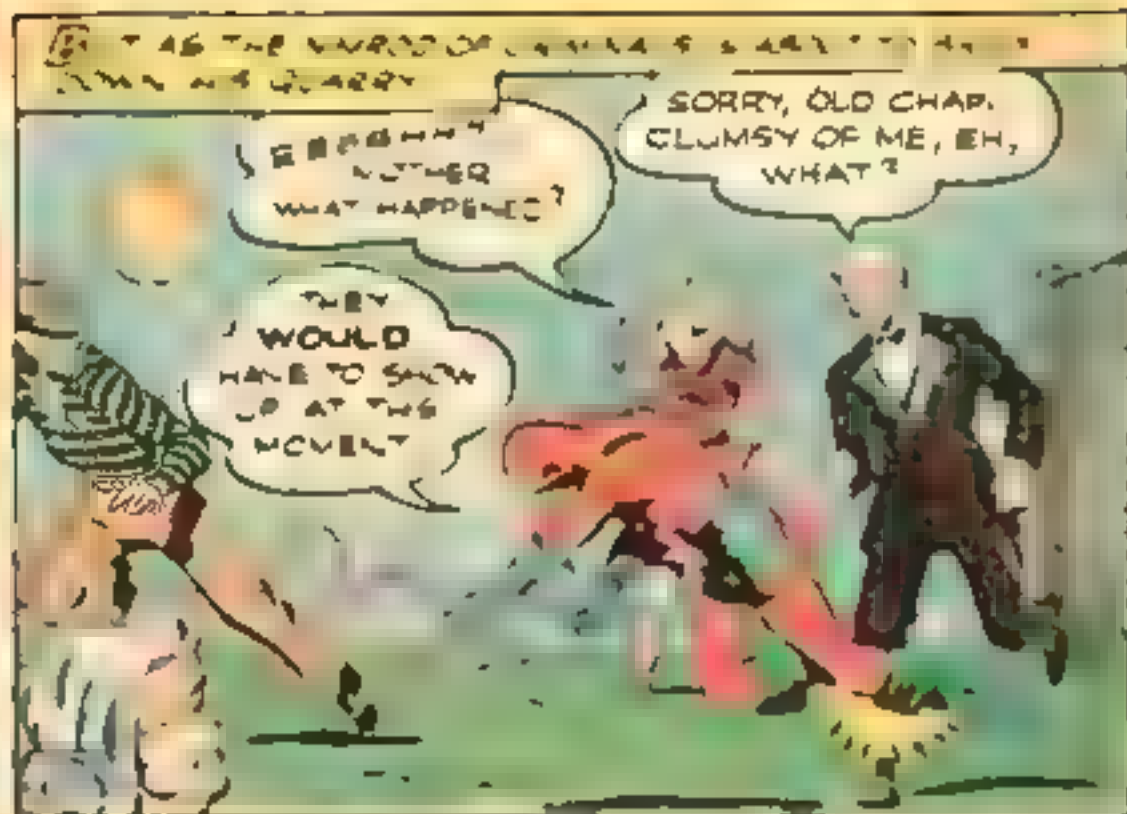
RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

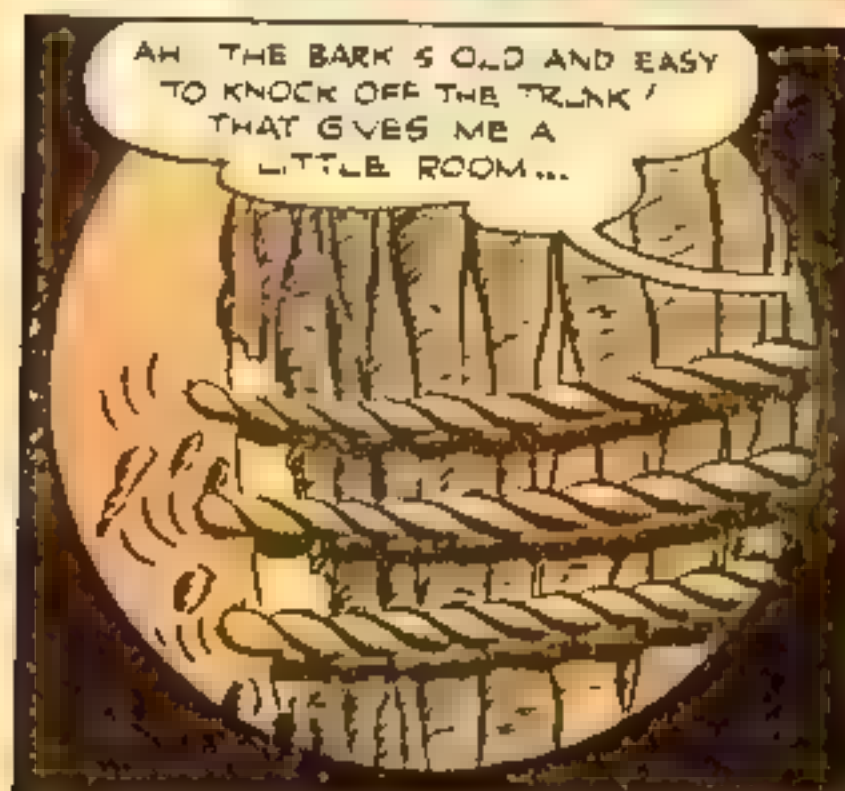
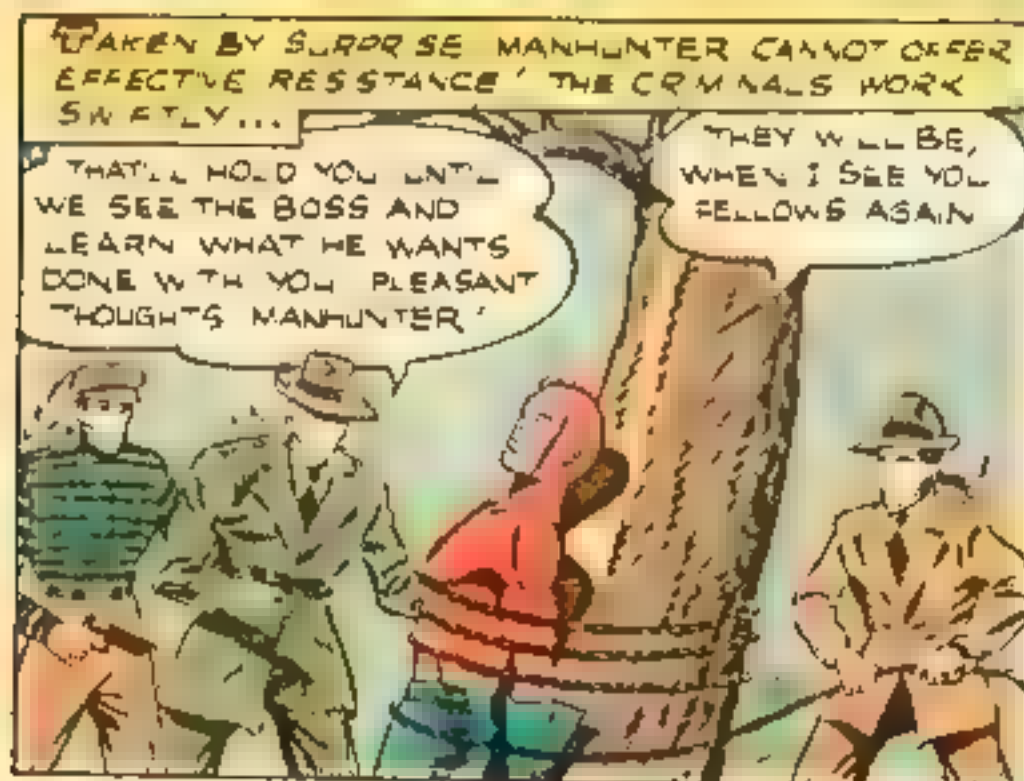
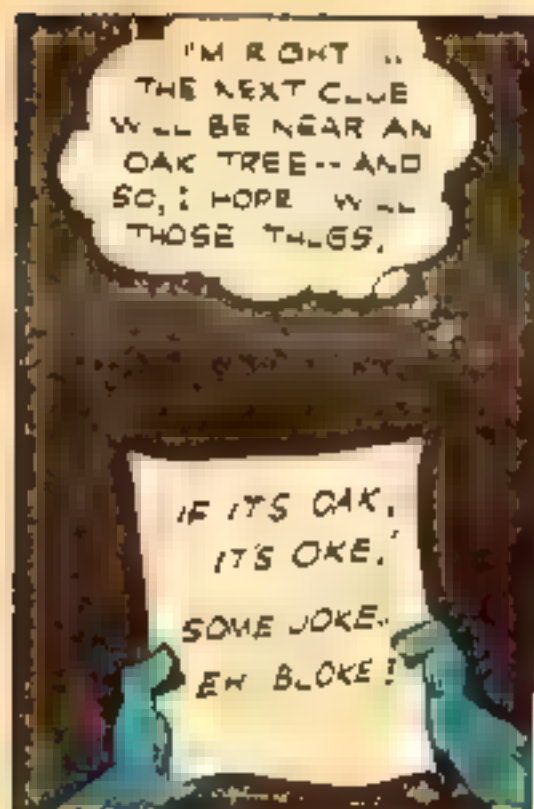
SOUNDS AS IF IT REFERS TO A BELL... AND THERE'S A BELL-TOWER ON THE ESTATE! THIS IS EASIER THAN I EXPECTED!

THERE'S THE TOWER AND ACCORDING TO WHAT MCPOWERS SAID, THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER









SECONDS LATER

USH, THIS
S A STRAIN
BUT MY
HANDS WILL
BE FREE IN
A FEW

NOW TO TAKE
UP THE PURSU
TIME TO WASTE
LOOKING FOR
MORE CLUES
THOSE THUGS
MAY BE WAY
AHEAD OF

BUT THIS S A TALL
OLD OAK
BE ABLE
SIGHT OF THEM
FROM THE

CRIME-TRACKER QUICKLY SIGHTS THE PLUNDERERS!

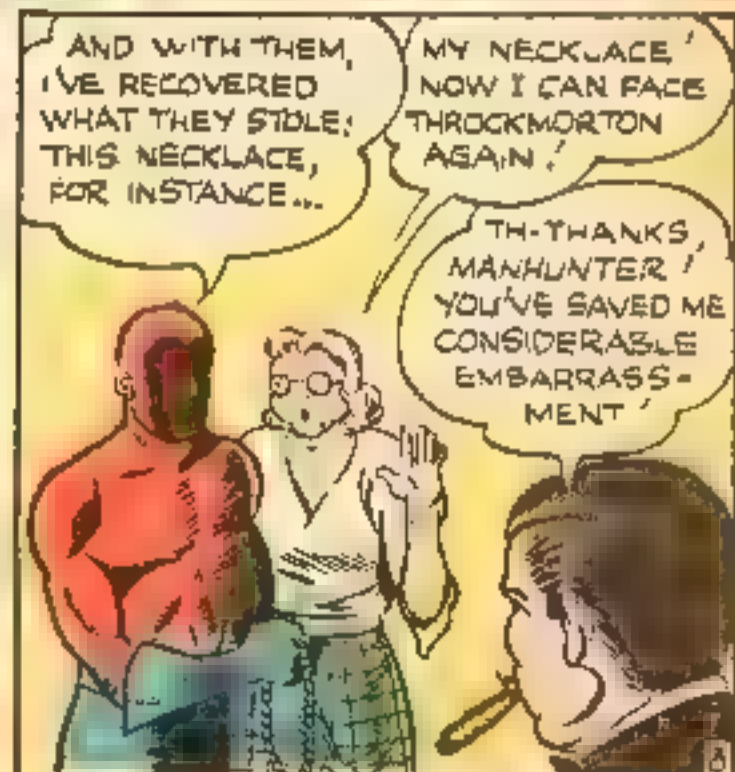
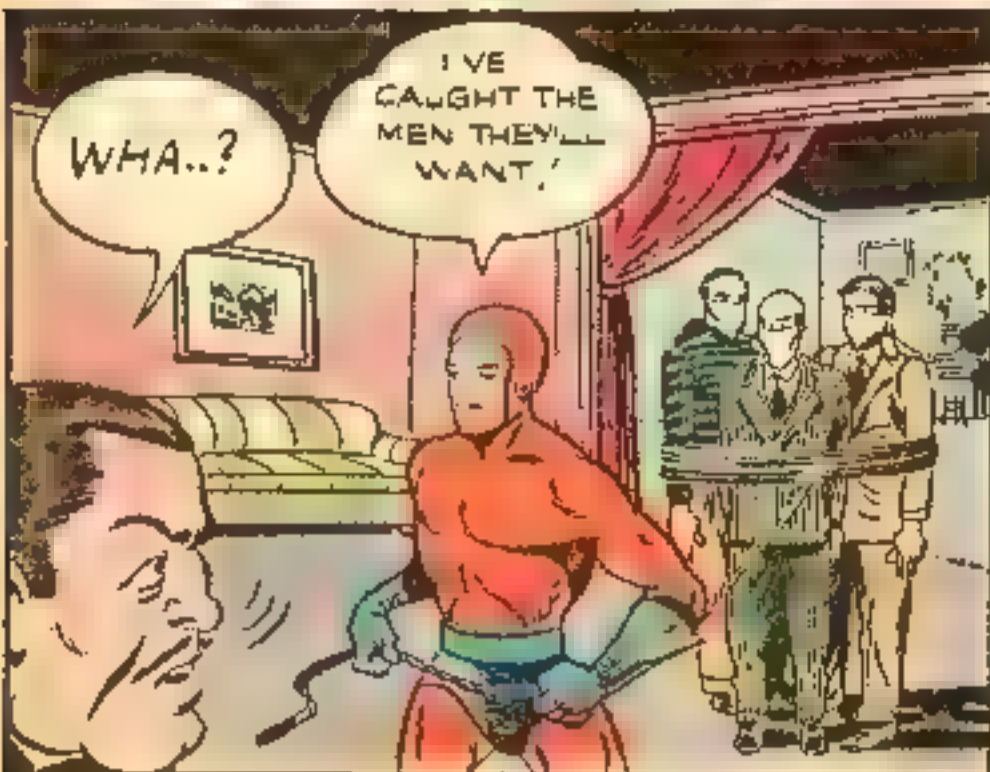
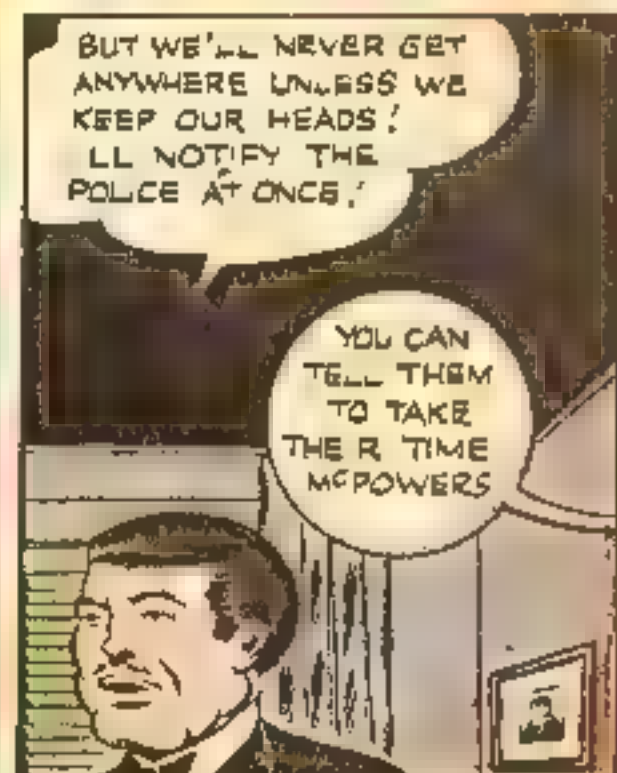
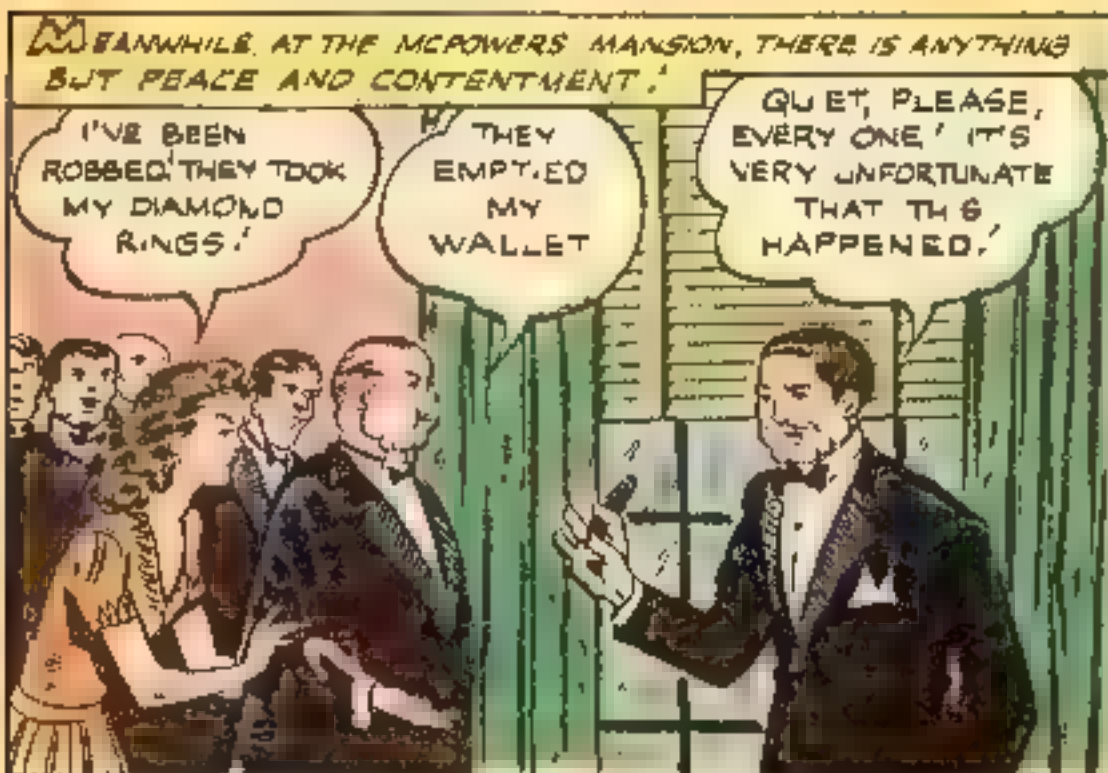
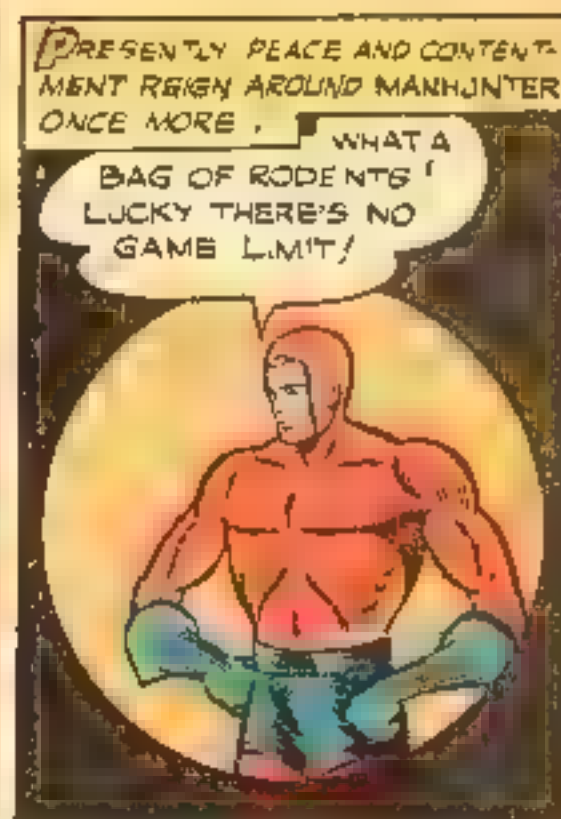
THERE THEY ARE, AT WORK
AGAIN NEAR THAT COTTAGE! I'D
BETTER GET TO THEM FAST,
BEFORE THEY FINISH THIS
HOLD-UP AND LEAVE!

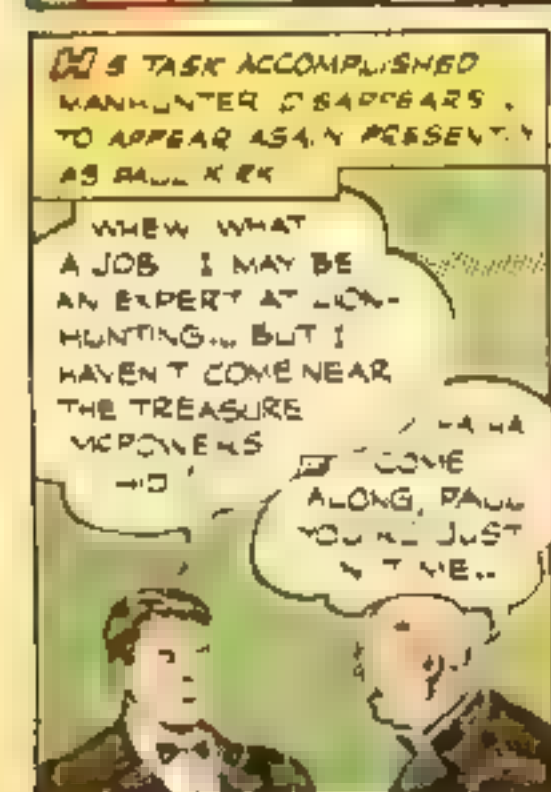
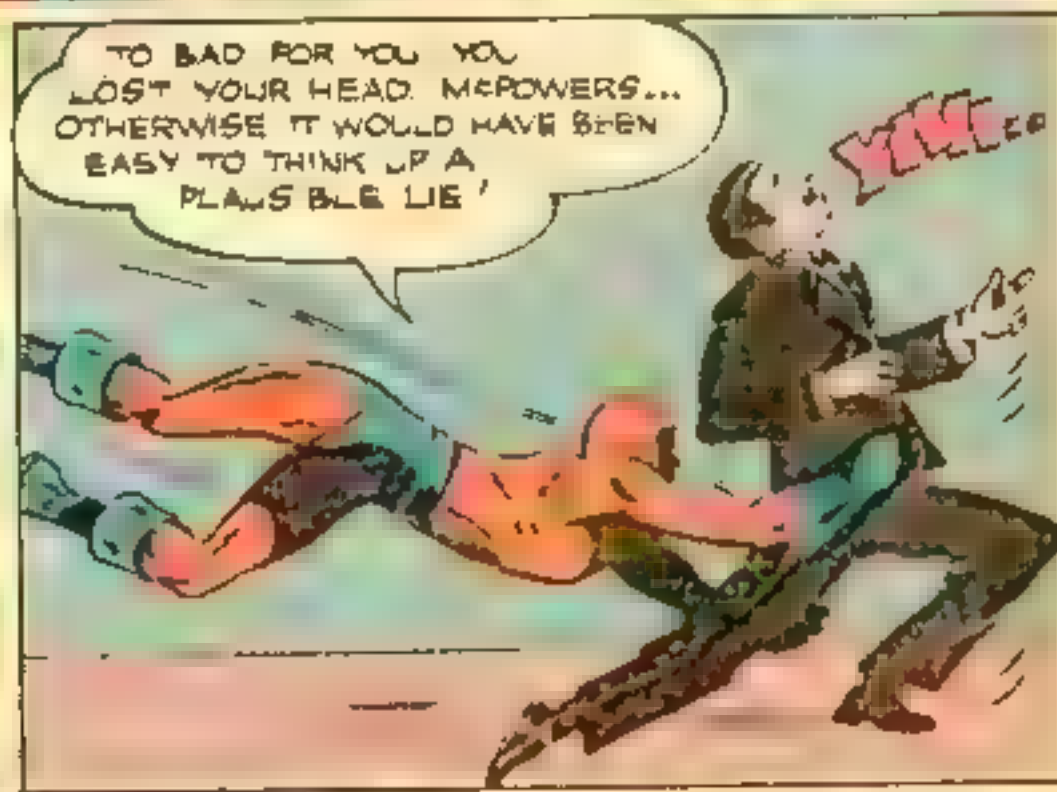
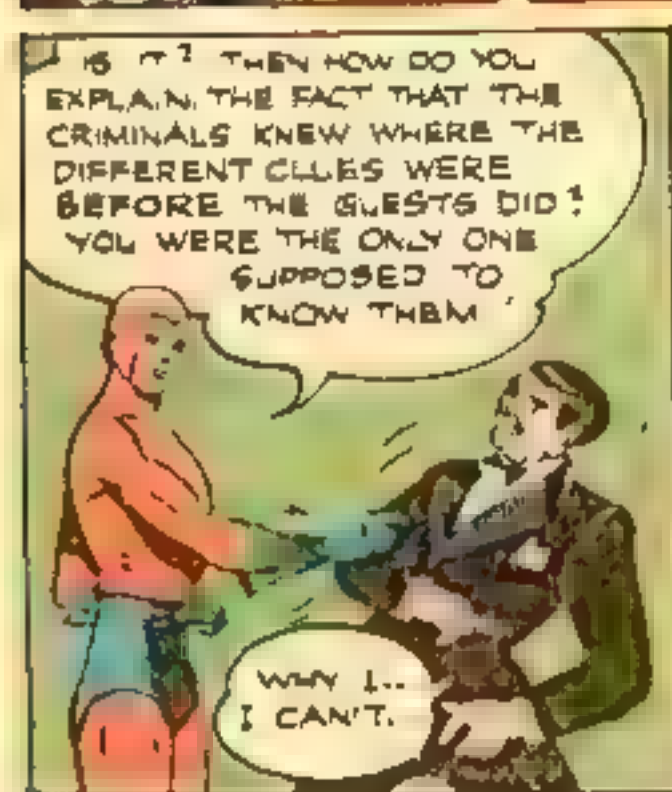
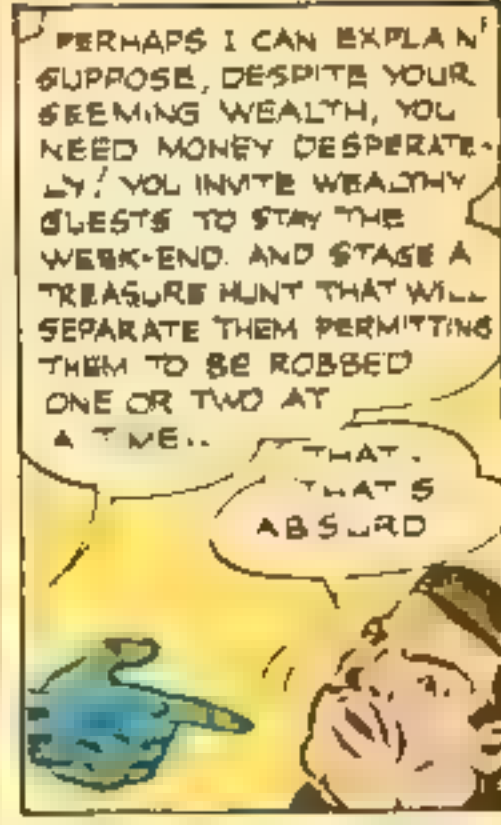
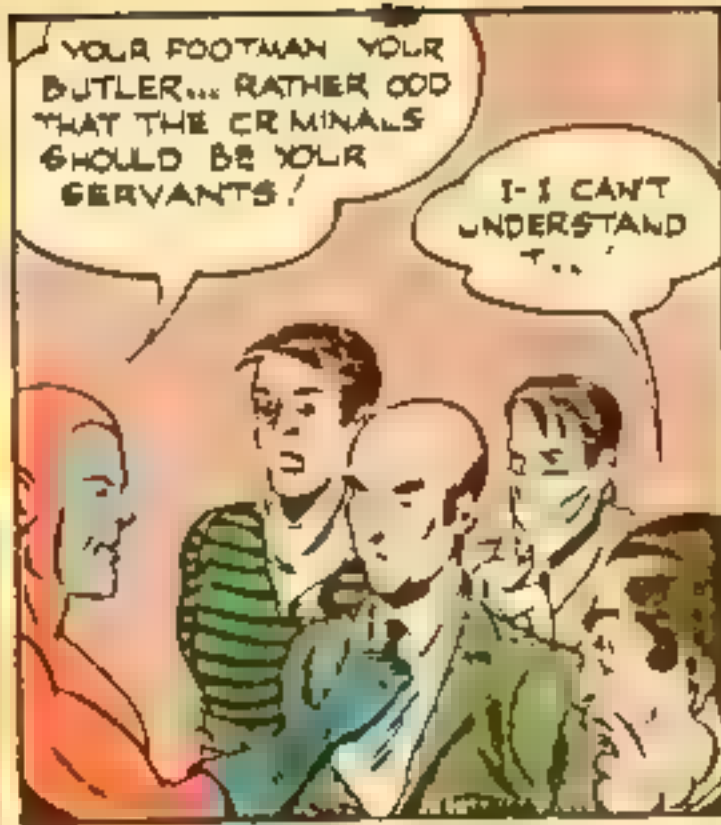
THIS IS
THE QUICKEST
WAY I KNOW TO
GET THERE...

WITH THE FEROCITY OF A PANTHER, THE CRIME-

TO YOUR JAWS
BOYS... HERE
WE GO AGAIN

LOOSE... I KNEW
ALL THE ROPES





NO TIME FOR MURDER

by Stan Carter

IT was not desperation but greed that drove Martin to commit a murder. And greed is one of the most unpardonable of motives, although Martin didn't care much about that. His only thought was to rid himself of his partner, Paul Barnes, and cash in on the tremendously large insurance policy carried by the latter and on which he, Barnes, was beneficiary.

There was nothing unusual. Martin realized, in business partners holding policies on one another. It was a good way to protect a profitable business. At least, it had been profitable until last year when Martin began to appropriate corporation funds. It had become necessary, then, for Martin to cover up his thefts which, as the weeks passed, became more and more numerous. And through it all, Paul Barnes hadn't suspected a thing. Until last week.

It was then, like a sudden knife thrust, that Martin realized Paul Barnes had at last gotten wise. He was sure of it now, particularly since, the past week, a couple of strange accountants had gone over the books. When Martin, amazed at this move, had sought to learn the reason Paul Barnes had just smiled and said:

"Wait, Ed, you'll learn soon enough."

That was all, just a smile. If ever Da Vinci had done a male Mona Lisa, Ed Martin was certain, the face would have been that of Paul Barnes' smile. It burned now into Martin's brain, and fastened the disease that was already there. And the poison that was running through there was the poison of murder which with every throb said, "You've got to kill him before anyone finds out. You've got to kill him!"

And Martin had heeded that

call to murder. The plan formed in his mind, crystallized when Paul Barnes, in the hearing of Bul Steed, the firm's attorney and Paul's personal counsellor, had said he needed a vacation.

It was easy, almost too easy. Only some as yet undeveloped instrument could have recorded the blinding flash that lighted up the darkened recesses of Martin's brain, set to moving the wheels of homicide. It was almost as though his own past redemption conscience was saying, "This is the time. Now is the time for all bad men to repent."

So Martin said: "Paul, I think what we both need is a vacation. This business can run itself for a week. We'll go up to my lodge and drink and fish and rest."

Paul Barnes had been more than enthusiastic. So too had been Steed, the lawyer. "That's the way to talk, boys. I'm proud of you both. This business will never fail when two men like you are at the helm of it."

Steed was always so positive about everything, Martin thought. Too positive. Sitting now, in the cheery living room of the hunting lodge, waiting for Paul Barnes to drop down for breakfast, Martin's thought flashed back to that scene and he recalled, only too vividly, the impression the words had made. "They're both wise," he had gasped to himself. "They're both wise."

But he couldn't be sure! True, these past two days here, he had been very uneasy. Paul Barnes had mentioned something about wanting to talk to him, but so far nothing had been said. Everytime Martin brought the conversation around to business, hoping to get from Paul some hint, the latter had said: "Hay, we're supposed to be here

on a vacation. We'll talk business later."

And Martin had detected, in that voice, something he hadn't suspected before about Paul Barnes. The man had an iron will of his own! This time, he was going to be the boss.

"Good morning, pal." Paul Barnes' cheery voice interrupted Martin's thoughts. "All set for another day of fishing?"

Martin grinned. "I hope I'm having better luck today than yesterday." He followed Paul Barnes out into the kitchen.

Barnes, surprised, said: "Why, you've eaten already." He looked reproachfully at his partner. "You shouldn't have let me sleep so late."

Martin, laughing, replied: "Wasn't it you who said this was a vacation. Well, sleep is part of it. There's nothing like sleep, Paul, for smoothing things out." To himself, he said: "And you're going to get a good long sleep this morning, my friend." His eyes watched Paul Barnes as the man ate hungrily. Then, for just a moment, he had a scare, for Barnes said: "I don't think I'll have any coffee this morning."

"No coffee! Why . . ." He stopped, conscious that he had made his voice louder. Paul Barnes was looking at him, strangely. And now Barnes said: "Okay. I'll have coffee." He chuckled. "After all, why should I refuse the best coffee maker in the Adirondacks a chance to display his talent?"

Martin relaxed, but his eyes watched Paul Barnes nervously. Would the man see the thin layer of cyanide with which the coffee cup had been coated? He suffered a thousand deaths as Paul Barnes slowly poured coffee from the battered cup. Barnes liked his coffee black.

And then at last it was done,

and Paul Barnes was drinking it! Drinking to his own death.

Paul Barnes died as he had lived, a quiet man, just like that he died, a quick, convulsive hand to his throat. He didn't even look at Martin.

It was done. There was no remorse on Martin's face. Time spent in planning this thing had wiped all feeling of conscience from him. Greed held Martin in his clutches now and murder was only a pastime. The thing to do now was to establish the alibi, make everything fool-proof. And Martin, as he set the stage, realized the job was more than half done. There was nothing but a yokel Sheriff to consider, and even he had been informed of Paul Barnes' need for a rest.

Working swiftly, after donning gloves, Martin brought out the half empty whiskey bottle and the bottle of cyanide. He pressed them into Paul Barnes' cold, stiffening fingers.

That was all, just as simple as that. For the next hour, Martin would fish. Then he would return and discover Paul Barnes' body and call the sheriff and Bill Steed. The lawyer would plane up immediately. And the alibi? A nervous breakdown suffered by Paul Barnes over the poor state of the business. There would be no need now to hide the books from strange eyes. Martin would tell anyone how badly Paul had felt.

Just as he told Sheriff Jones an hour and a half later, Jones listened sympathetically, his keen eyes watching Martin's anguished face.

"When I suggested this vacation," Martin said, "I never suspected Paul would take his life. We've been partners ten years. I was worried, just as he was, about the business. But I tried to cheer him up. The first three days here, he seemed to feel better. He was in good spirits when we went fishing this morning. We fished for an hour, and Paul decided to try another stream. You know the one, about a mile away. He

hadn't caught a thing, while I was doing fine. I told him to go ahead, and I'd meet him back here later."

Martin's shoulders shook, and he seemed to be making a great effort to get a grip on himself. He went on:

"About ten o'clock I had caught my limit and started back. When I opened the door—" Once again the broad shoulders shook. "He was there, at the table, Sheriff, dead. I wasn't more than five minutes behind him—but that had been time enough for him to do the job. If only . . ." He stopped, unable to continue.

Sheriff Jones' sympathetic voice said:

"It must have been a great shock, Mr. Martin." He looked at the turnip he called a watch. "You say that your lawyer is coming in by plane? He ought to be here any minute; of course, he'll have to land in town." His kindly eyes looked at Martin. "I'll have to run back to the village myself, and make out a report. You sure you've told me everything."

"Everything," Martin said. He got up and shook hands with the Sheriff. "And thanks." He kept the anguished look on his face until the door closed. And then he smiled. "I'm a rich man again," he told himself. "A rich man again." Then, he added: "But be careful, Martin. You've got a perfect alibi. Don't mess it up."

Nevertheless he was surprised when Bill Steed arrived, to find Sheriff Jones with him. For an instant, he felt panic, but Steed said: "The Sheriff kindly volunteered to drive me up here." He put a sympathetic hand around Martin's shoulders. "I didn't want you to come down, Tom. I know how you felt about Paul."

"Yes," Martin said. "He was my best friend as well as the finest partner a man could ask for." He shook his head. "I only hope I can salvage the business. It's been pretty bad, you know."

Steed looked at him, said slowly. "I know."

Martin's heart jumped. His

eyes searched Steed's face. How much did the man actually know? But before he could find the answer, Steed said:

"There's something you should know, Tom. Paul took a trip three weeks ago. Remember? He didn't tell you where he was going." The lawyer's voice was even, calm. "It was to claim an inheritance. He wanted to surprise you and try to save the business. He hadn't realized how much money the firm had been losing. Nor had I. He intended to put a lot of money into the business."

Martin bit back the surprise that rushed to his face. "Paul . . . Paul . . . was going to do that?" he gasped. "Why—I—I—"

Steed's eyes were slits of steel. "Killed him," the lawyer added, gratingly. "I checked into the books while you and Paul were away," he went on, mercilessly. "Paul at first objected to it. That's why I was so anxious to have him go with you." He shook his head. "But I never figured it would end in murder."

Martin's spine tingled, his eyes blazed. "You're crazy," he cried. "You can't prove a thing. You . . . you . . ." His face worked in terror as he saw the handcuffs in Sheriff Jones' hands, heard the slow, rustic drawl:

"I'm afraid you're wrong there, Mr. Martin. You made one slip, and that's why I went down to meet Mr. Steed. When he told me about his own investigations I knew I was right." The voice went on, slow and inexorable, and it was pushing Martin toward his doom.

"You see, Mr. Martin, you said you were only five minutes behind Paul Barnes. But how could you have known when he arrived at the lodge when you, yourself, told me he went to fish a mile away and you agreed to meet him back here!" He shook his head sorrowfully. "I think, Mr. Martin," he said, "you are going to have a powerful time explaining that to a jury!"



PAPER, PAPER
EVERYWHERE
WITH WHICH TO
SOCK THE FOE.
PAPER, PAPER,
EVERYWHERE--
AND NONE TO
WASTE MUST GO!

IT'S A BUSY DAY FOR ALFRED,
BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY TO
BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON--
-- ALIAS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN..

HEY, ALFRED!
WHERE YA GOING
WITH ALL THAT
JUNK?

JUNK?
MY WORD!
THESE ARE
WEAPONS OF
WAR, M'BOY!



WEAPONS
OF WAR??
HAW! HAW!
HAW!

THIS IS NO
JESTING MATTER!
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE
ME, JUST TAG ALONG
AND SEE!



GOLLY-- BATMAN
AND ROBIN! WHAT'RE
THEY COLLECTING
ALL THAT WASTE
PAPER FOR?

BECAUSE WE HAVE A
PAPER SHORTAGE DUE
TO LACK OF MAN-
POWER IN CUTTING
THE TIMBER USED IN
PAPER PRODUCTION!



PAPER SHORTAGE?
GEE, YOU MEAN WE MIGHT
NOT BE ABLE TO READ
OUR FAVORITE COMIC
MAGAZINES?

RIGHTO! BUT BY
SALVAGING ALL THIS
WASTE PAPER, WE
PROVIDE A SUBSTITUTE,
AND WE'LL HAVE SUFFICIENT
SUPPLIES FOR BOTH CIVILIAN
AND MILITARY PURPOSES!



MILITARY?
THERE YOU GO
AGAIN! WHAT'S
PAPER GOT TO DO
WITH WAR
WEAPONS?

WHY, IT'S USED TO MAKE
PARACHUTE FLARES, WING
TIPS, BOMB BANDS AND
OTHER MILITARY OBJECTS!
CONTAINERS FOR SHELLS,
ARMY RATIONS AND
VARIOUS OTHER ESSENTIAL
SUPPLIES ARE MADE
FROM PAPER, TOO!



EVERYBODY CAN HELP BY
USING PAPER SPARINGLY--AND
BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!
YOU CAN SELL IT TO A DEALER,
OR TURN IT OVER TO CHARIT-
ABLE ORGANIZATIONS LIKE
THE RED CROSS, OR TO
YOUR SCHOOL!

OKAY! LET
ME HELP RIGHT
NOW!



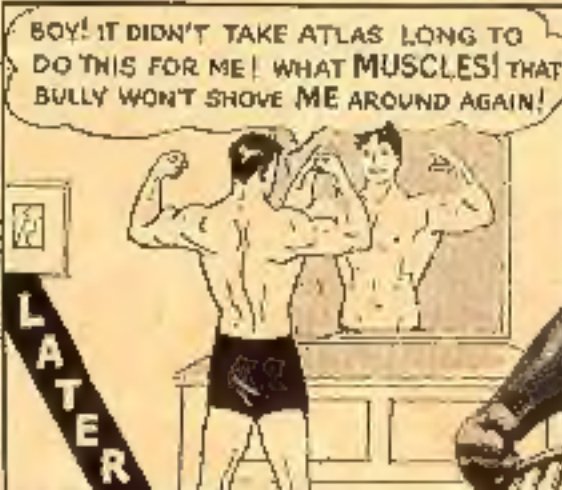
MY WORD!
I SEEM TO
HAVE BEEN
VERY
PERSUASIVE!

DON'T WORRY,
ALFRED! I'LL
COLLECT PLENTY
OF PAPER MY-
SELF FROM
NOW ON-- AND
HELP BOB HITLER
AND HIROHITO ON
THE NOSE!



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

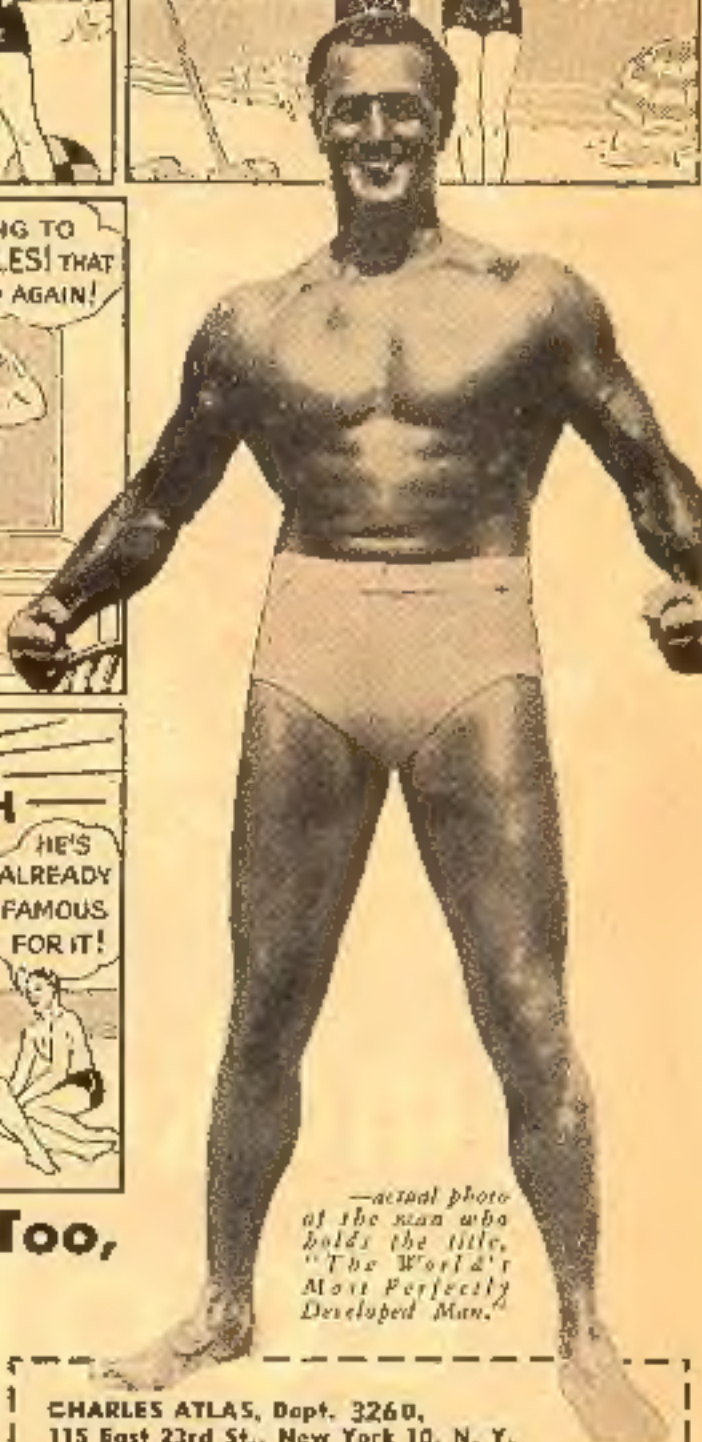
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever

dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health And Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3260, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3260, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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